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All MSS. and letters relating thereto should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.

AFFAIRS in the Balkans do not settle down. Turkey has concluded a successful peace with Bulgaria. But against this must be set the outbreak of open hostilities on the north-eastern border of Albania. A strong force of Albanian clansmen has invaded Old Servia, has scored some minor successes against weak bodies of Servian frontier guards, and has occupied several small towns. Servia is collecting forces and will probably clear her territory in a short time. Speculation is rife as to the agencies which have fomented this attack. In all probability they are several. It is unlikely that the tribesmen have been directly instigated by the governments of Austria, Italy or Bulgaria. That indeed would not be necessary. The self-appointed provisional government in Valona is virtually an Austro-Italian agency for whose actions Austria and Italy need take no official responsibility. That this body has been making mischief for some time in Northern Albania is certain.

* * *

For the rest, the traditional hatred and contempt which the Northern Albanians have for centuries felt for the Servians is explanation enough. There are, moreover, Macedo-Bulgarians of the old comitaji breed who are quite ready to work against Servia where and when they can without any direct instigation from the Bulgarian Government. Several of these gentry—one of them the notorious Sandansky—were dispatched to Albania by the Bulgarians shortly before the war of last July to stir up trouble on the Servian and Greek frontiers. The rapid collapse of the war made their plans abortive. Some such helpers the Albanian clans possibly have. It is not very likely that Bulgaria is directly interfering. It may be pointed out that most of the news about Albania comes through Vienna, and that sensational telegrams in the Viennese press—inspired or uninspired—are of all European news the least worthy of credibility. They have again and again during the last twelve months proved grossly misleading and even intentionally deceptive. It would be rash to build forecasts of another great Balkan catastrophe upon their reckless rumours and predictions. Albania is in a state of absolute anarchy. The mass of its inhabitants are ignorant, warlike savages in a state of extreme poverty. So long as such a state of things exists frontier "incidents," more or less important, are inevitable. The present collision on the Servian border is probably only the first of many.

* * *

The Concert of Europe has appointed two Albanian Commissions. Of these, one is to travel, if it can, into every part of the country, and make up its mind how the ungovernable Albanians are to be governed. Its members seem to have been fairly well chosen, but the escort of troops which is to accompany them is to be provided by Austria and Italy. This will not be a recommendation. The other Commission is to travel through Northern Epirus and to decide how much more of that territory is to be denied to the Greeks by the Powers. The Austrian and Italian members of this Commission are two officials who have been stationed in Epirus in past years and are notorious for their anti-Greek actions and sentiments. In addition, the Commission has been instructed, when fixing the frontier line, not to take into

account the wishes of the inhabitants themselves. This suggests that the Powers have made up their mind beforehand to a decision adverse to Greece.

* * *

The Hellenic Government has troubles elsewhere. Their peace negotiations with Turkey continue to drag on, and the Turks are said to be increasing rather than diminishing their demands. Amongst other terms they are said to ask that Mitylene, as well as certain other Ægean islands nearer the Dardanelles, should be returned to them. No Greek Government would dare to surrender Mitylene, and the attitude of the Young Turks has roused some apprehension throughout Greece. There is a notion at Athens that the peace treaty between Turkey and Bulgaria contains secret clauses providing, if not for an alliance between those Powers, at any rate for the free passage of Turkish troops across Thrace to attack Southern Macedonia. The popular imagination has gone so far as even to conjure up the vision of an alliance between Turkey and Bulgaria against Greece. All that can be said is that at present this is not probable. It is not likely that Bulgaria contemplates another war just now. Moreover, even if the Concert of Europe allowed—as that hopeless body might—a Turkish attack on Greece, Roumania and Servia are in the last degree unlikely to remain passive onlookers. In any case the Greeks are many times better able to defend themselves than they were in 1897, and we should imagine that even the Young Turks would hesitate before attempting so difficult an operation as the invasion of Greece. This does not mean that the peace negotiations between Greece and Turkey may not be exceedingly difficult.

* * *

More Dublin workers have come out during the past week, including Grand Canal men who refused to handle "tainted goods," girls in a paper factory who came out for the same reason, and a number of blacksmiths and other skilled workers who came out rather than work with the "scabs" brought in to fill the places of the locked-out Transport Union men. The coal merchants have combined to deliver coal by motor lorry, under police escort; and police escorts also accompany all supplies of paper, etc., to the "Independent" newspapers, while soldiers guard the tramway depôts and power house. The employers rejected the Lord Mayor's proposals for a settlement without putting forward any of their own. The Board of Trade then appointed Sir George Askwith, Sir T. Ratcliffe Ellis, and Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., as a Court of Inquiry into the dispute. This Court has been sitting in Dublin Castle, and both parties have appeared before it. The men have the assistance of Mr. Gosling and Mr. Williams, of the National Transport Federation, and Mr. Seddon. The more moderate section of the employers, whose opinions are voiced by the *Irish Times*, are seeking a basis for settlement in the fact that the Irish Transport Workers' Union was last week affiliated to the National Transport Federation. This affiliation, while it strengthens Mr. Larkin's position, may also, it is suggested, act as a check on him. If the English Transport Federation would only guarantee any agreement that may be entered into, then, say the *Irish Times* school, all may be well; Mr. Larkin's sole bond will be supplemented by something on which the employers can rely. But Mr. Murphy's organ, the *Independent*, will not hear of the suggestion; in its eyes, Mr. Gosling and Mr. Williams are just as bad as Mr. Larkin; they are all agents of an international Syndicalist conspiracy; they must all be fought to a finish. It does not seem likely that more than a few of the employers will follow Mr. Murphy in adopting this irreconcilable attitude.

* * *

A Dublin correspondent writes: "The arrival of the '£5,000 Relief Ship' in Dublin last Saturday, laden with supplies from the Co-operative Society in Manchester, was an event of much more significance than mere relief of distress. Loaded by dockers on strike, unloaded by dockers on strike, its cargo distributed to the waiting thousands by the Irish Drapers' Assistants Association, who spent their Saturday half holiday in this work on behalf of their fellow-workers—it was a triumph of working-class organisation, an outstanding example of how well men can and will work without discipline when their sympathies are enlisted. But the fact that the goods were supplied by the Co-operative Societies is the most significant of all. This object-lesson in what co-operation can accomplish will give a great impetus to the development of co-operation among the urban classes in Ireland, who are practically untouched by it. For the immediate situation, too, it has an excellent moral effect, much better than if money had been sent to be spent among the Dublin shopkeepers. These shopkeepers are now terrified at the shadow of their supersession by co-operation. If a similar ship could be sent every week while the dispute lasts—a penny a week on a million men would do it—and if the British Trade Unionist leaders were to announce in advance that all this money would be spent through the co-operative societies the Dublin shopkeepers would soon all be enrolled among the elements most eager for a settlement of the dispute on any terms."

* * *

"The New American Liberation" is a phrase used by the *Times*' Washington Correspondent to describe the wonderful change that has come over the United States' politics. The phrase recalls the article which we recently published, and for which we borrowed the title of President Woodrow Wilson's book of campaign speeches, "The New Freedom." Indeed, the anticipations expressed in these columns from the first are being completely justified out of the mouths of our most Conservative organs. The *Morning Post*, in a leading article the other day, said that after six months at the head of the Administration, "the President was able to declare that at last the fight of a generation had been completely and handsomely won," and that Dr. Wilson had "managed to win the trust of the people by his evident sincerity and honesty of purpose." Now we have the *Times* Correspondent declaring that the New York State Conservatives, *i.e*, the Republicans, are already discussing the possible selection of the heretical Mr. Roosevelt as their Presidential candidate in 1916 because they "recognise that the new American Liberation has knocked the last nail into the coffin of the old order of politics."

XUM

In other words, Dr. Woodrow Wilson has entirely fulfilled the expectations of his admirers. The *Times* tells us that his success with the Tariff Bill is "little short of miraculous"; that his action in regard to Mexico has, "if anything, helped him"; and that even the "peripatetic vagaries of Mr. Bryan" have not affected the respect of the average American for the Administration. These are very significant declarations. They indicate that the democratic President has made good. As the *Times* Correspondent says, unless his opponents unite under "some really vital leader" (like the extremely vital Roosevelt, for instance) "no Opposition can hope for victory over the Democrats if the President continues as he has begun." Present happenings also foreshadow the re-division of political parties in the States upon new lines akin to Liberalism and Conservatism, and the dropping of the time-worn and indistinct appellations of Democrat and Republican.

* * *

We sincerely hope that the general lock-out which is threatened in the Lancashire cotton spinning trade, to commence on October 25th, will be avoided. The seriousness of the affair lies not so much in the magnitude of the suspension of industry which such a lock-out would cause as in the character of the issue. It is difficult to learn exactly how the dispute arose, but it is clear that the men who have come out on strike at the Beehive mill are acting in defiance of their representatives. The Lancashire Cotton industry has long been famous as an example—perhaps the most perfect example in the world—of collective bargaining at its best. Every dispute is referred automatically to the joint representatives of both sides and ninety-nine out of a hundred are settled amicably across a table. In the present instance the men's representatives seem to have agreed with those of the employers that the Beehive workers had not made out their charge of tyranny against the overlooker whose dismissal they were demanding and that a strike ought not to take place. The strike, however, took place and has been going on now for several weeks. The machinery of collective bargaining having thus broken down, the employers argue that a general lock-out, to continue until the men's leaders can regain control over their followers, is their only resource. It may be that they have their private reasons for desiring to close down their mills for a spell; and if so the Beehive men, with little chance of gaining public sympathy, are merely playing into their hands.

* * *

The first International Syndicalist Congress to be held in England has been meeting at the Holborn Hall this week. The delegates showed little inclination to discuss the questions which most interest their critics, such as the construction of the Syndicalist State and the relations between the central authority and the Trade Unions. Their motto at present seems to be "Take care of the means and the ends will take care of themselves." The attitude of the Congress, however, with regard to Parliamentarism, the organisation of Trade Unions and the value of direct action was quite clearly and definitely expressed. Political action they desire to eschew altogether. It is not that they attach no value to "bourgeois" reforms; they merely say "Leave those to the Liberals and let us devote our whole energies to Trade Union work." The Trade Unions are to be more and more federated on Industrial Unionist lines, *i.e.*, the comprehension of every worker in an industry, whatever his trade, in one Union. At the same time it was suggested by the English delegates that the tendencies towards "officialism" that always appear amongst the leaders of a large centralised Union should be frustrated by setting up a system of district or branch autonomy. The weapon thus forged the Congress would use ruthlessly in striking wherever there is the slightest chance of a gain. That practical details were not entirely neglected is shown by the presence on the agenda of resolutions calling for statistics of the world's textile industries, and suggestions for mitigating the hardships caused when men are displaced by machines.

* * *

Another step has been taken in the direction of extending the system of International Labour Treaties, by which the abolition of the use of white phosphorus in match manufacture and the prohibition of the night work of women have already been secured in most of the important industrial countries of the world. An official conference of Government representatives at Berne last week adopted a series of resolutions in favour of the prohibition of the night work of boys aged under sixteen, a maximum day of ten hours for young persons under sixteen and a maximum working day (of a duration as yet undetermined) for women. These resolutions will form the basis of diplomatic negotiations. The Berne conference has introduced qualifications into its decisions, which have made them less definite than could be desired. Still the conference marks another step forward in the establishment of an international standard of life for the worker. If our own Home Office had only displayed a little more energy and enthusiasm, the question of an international eight-hour day in the iron and steel trade might have also reached the stage of official negotiation.

* * *

There is an omission in the report of the Holt Committee on the Post Office which should be explained. No recommendation is made with regard to the wages of casual workers, of whom at least forty thousand are engaged by the Post Office at Christmas and considerable numbers at other times. Within the last year or two as little as fivepence an hour has been paid to these men in some of the largest centres, such as Sheffield, while in other centres, such as Leeds, the rate has only been increased to sixpence after the question has been raised in Parliament. Apparently the local Postmasters have been allowed some latitude in regard to the rates of payment, and they are of course tempted to economise at the expense of a more or less defenceless class of men. Sixpence an hour is the lowest tolerable moral minimum for casual adult male workers of any kind in an urban district; and the Postmaster-General should allow no exceptions to its payment.

XUM

The new Draft Workhouse Order to which we referred a few weeks ago is being hailed, as was to be expected. with a general chorus of praise in Poor Law circles, Mixed with the praise it is true there is some criticism, but it is criticism directed for the most part to the least objectionable proposals of the Departmental Committee. Thus, we hear of a resolution of Workhouse Masters objecting strongly "to being subordinated to a women's committee," and of Guardians grumbling at being required to incur the expense of providing more efficient nursing for the sick. But most significant of all is the suggestion in our contemporary, the *Poor Law Officers' Journal*, a "thick and thin" supporter of the Poor Law, that the Local Government Board has no power to compel the removal of all children from the Workhouse by a given date. We do not ourselves share this doubt as to the competence of the L.G.B.; we believe that ample power exists for the carrying out of the recommendation and of a good deal more. But the serious point is not the technical legality or illegality of the proposal but the lead which the suggestion gives to the stubborn Boards of Guardians who are fighting against any reform. The *Poor Law Officers' Journal* may or may not desire to see the children kept in the Workhouses, but in its words there is a clear and significant incitement to the reactionaries not only to oppose the one Article in the Order which is on the right lines, but to harden themselves in their pride against all encroachments on their "right" to mismanage the destitute as they think best.

* * *

The additional failures of Indian banks during the past week are not apparently very serious in extent, but fuller news by the mail will probably disclose their gravity as symptoms of a situation which is not free from peril. Roughly speaking, the indigenous banking concerns of India fall into two unequal classes: those, comparatively few in number, which do business more or less on the lines of the great European exchange banks, and the remainder, which are essentially not removed from the sphere of traditional usury on the one hand and from speculative activity of a highly questionable kind on the other. Recent writers on Indian finance have drawn attention to the uncertain character of many so-called banks, and especially to their reprehensible tricks in the matter of nominal capital; and for some time past the Government of India has had in contemplation a stiffening of the law in relation to the many concerns which are banks in name only. Legislation, no doubt, should be able to deal effectually with the problem, but there is one aspect of it which is extremely regrettable. The political, no less than the commercial, activity of the past few years has encouraged the foundation of indigenous banks designed to capture some of the immense business hitherto monopolised by the European banking corporations; and the recent failures will give new life to the notion that there is no safety in a bank controlled by Indians. This, in view of the vast amount of business passing between European and Indian firms, is as bad from the Western as from the Eastern standpoint.

THE PLAYBOYS OF ULSTER

WHEN Sir Edward Carson told the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at the beginning of the week that a solution of the Home Rule difficulty might be found along the lines of the exclusion of Ulster, we recognised that the world of the Ulsterman had entered upon a new age. Hitherto Ulster has belonged for the most part to the stone age. Her riots have been the stone age in action; her flint-faced politics have been the stone age in inertia. Lately, it is true, she has made some coy approaches to the iron age by buying a number of obsolete Italian rifles, and she has made some very bold approaches to the wooden age by buying a multitude of toy guns. But Sir Edward Carson's latest pronouncement is a more amazing omen than a million rifles, wooden or Italian. It is the sunrise in Ulster of the age of reason. Sir Edward, no doubt, continues to say "No Home Rule" with as soldierly a flourish of his brief as ever. He even declared at Dungannon on Thursday that neither would he admit the principle of Home Rule as the basis of a conference nor would he have anything to "do with the question about 'four counties in Ulster'; he knew nothing more about four counties than five or six." Mr. F. E. Smith, however, made a speech on the same occasion which enables us to read between the lines of Sir Edward Carson's brave words. He declared that no conference would be of any use to the Ulstermen that would "embrace Ulster in a Parliament in Dublin"—a statement which obviously means that Ulster is prepared to give up her motto of "No Home Rule," and to put in its place the demand that Home Rule shall only be passed on conditions laid down by the Covenanters. Here is a notable narrowing of the issue. It is no longer a question of Home Rule *versus* No Home Rule. It is a question of Home Rule as proposed in the present Bill and Home Rule providing for either the exclusion or the separate treatment of Ulster. It is an admission that Home Rule is coming as sure as Easter Monday next. The only question that remains is whether Ulster is anxious by means of a conference to obtain more agreeable terms for herself than are given in the present Bill. It is for her to say. If she does not ask for a conference, then we can only conclude that she prefers Birrellesque Home Rule to any of the alternative solutions that have been proposed.

We suggested a fortnight ago that the Ulster difficulty would ultimately be settled on British Columbian lines—that is, that Ulster would obtain local self-government under a Dublin Parliament. The signs point to the fact that the Nationalists and Liberals of Ireland, though they might listen to proposals for the separate treatment of Ulster, would strenuously resist the complete exclusion of Ulster from the Bill; and Sir Edward Carson's present proposal for the exclusion even of those counties in which there is a majority of Nationalists will clearly appeal to no fair-minded man. If exclusion is to be asked for, it can only be asked for with decency on the terms we mentioned some time ago. The four counties, we suggested, might be incorporated into England or Scotland, and administered as English or Scottish counties from London or Edinburgh. But, in

order to do so, they would have to resign every present distinction in their land, education and other systems, and make themselves more English than the English, or more Scottish than the Scottish, themselves. Those farmers who have not already entered into contracts for the purchase of their farms could hardly call in the aid of a purely Irish Act to provide them with the money to free themselves from their landlords. They would have to turn their eyes in future, not to Dublin Castle, but to Mr. Lloyd George. This is the logic of exclusion; and instances of a similar kind could be multiplied. This is what the four counties of Ulster must be willing to face if they are to be made an enclave of England. If Ulster were excluded, indeed, the disadvantages would be so general that we foresee she would be down on her knees to Mr. Redmond within five years or less to admit her into the Dublin Parliament. We emphasise this because many Ulstermen seem to think that Ulster can have all the privileges of being a part of Ireland and all the privileges of being a county of England at the same time. Unfortunately, Ulster cannot eat her cake and have it, any more than the rest of us. She has, moreover, entered into a struggle and been beaten, and though she has a perfect right to ask for just and fair treatment—as good a right, indeed, as if she had won—she has no right to claim the spoils of victory. "Ulster will win," shouts Mr. Garvin, in big black letters on his posters. But Sir Edward Carson and those who have been in the inner councils of the Covenanters during the last fortnight know that the caucus of landlords and colonels and captains which calls itself Ulster has been beaten to the ropes.

Let there be no mistake about it. Sir Edward Carson and his merry men have been beaten neither by the Liberals nor by the Nationalists. They have been beaten by their own followers. They themselves are to blame for this. Ulster asked them for bread and they gave it a circus. Very few people outside Ulster, we imagine, can have foreseen with what dramatic suddenness the whole affair would collapse to the music of the last trump as played by Mr. J. L. Garvin. That it has collapsed even Mr. Garvin must now recognise. When the Ulstermen postponed the great volunteer review on Saturday last till late in the afternoon in order that the populace of Belfast might be able to attend its football matches before submitting itself to the cinematograph, they made it clear to the world how signally their call to arms had failed of its response in recent months. When, instead of raising a war fund with terms of "cash down," they advertised merely a guarantee fund, in connection with which the guarantors could insure themselves against loss on reasonable terms, they once more took a step which has impressed the world only in its sense of humour. Similarly their parade of generals, known and unknown, with all sorts of new permutations and combinations of initials following their names, is too reminiscent of the make-believe of small boys to be taken very seriously. And what can we say of the appointment of Mr. F. E. Smith to the post of Galloper to the G.C.U.V.F.? It would have been delightful if *Punch* had invented it; as an incident in serious politics it is the most superb piece of farce that has ever occurred, even in Unionist Ulster. No; Ulster during the past fortnight has done ruinous damage to her cause. Her great review was a failure; her leaders had to apologise for the smallness of the turn-out as compared with last year, and the march of the volunteers is said by spectators to have been less impressive than would be a parade of Boy Scouts in long trousers. Many even of those who are officially supporting the Carson policy are prophesying an early reaction against leadership which is at once so absurd and dangerous. They are murmuring under the yoke of a "Provisional Government," which is only the old Ulster Unionist Council under another name, and they realise that a Committee of Public Safety, such as has lately been set up with the blessing of that eminent revolutionary, Lord Londonderry, may be as tyrannous an instrument of excess in Belfast as it was in Paris. Business men in Belfast and farmers in the country parts are declaring in greater and greater numbers that while they were willing to follow Sir Edward Carson in a campaign of threats, they are not going to follow him into armed revolution. Even if Sir Edward himself is not ready to treat, Ulster is ready to treat, and Sir Edward knows it. That, and not the setting up of the Provisional Government, is the presiding fact of the situation. Had Sir Edward found that the democracy of Ulster was mad enough to show the same enthusiasm as he feels himself for bloody war against his political enemies he would, we doubt not, be still as uncompromising as Lord Willoughby de Broke, who seems to regard any fight between Liberal and Tory as a sort of bout between a dustman and a gentleman, and therefore only to be settled by the victory of the latter.

Thus the situation in Ulster just now seems to us to be full of hope. An atmosphere of pseudo-romance is giving place to an atmosphere of realism, and it seems likely that the playboys of the northern world will not destroy their fatherland after all, but that the grim comedy of recent months will end in a reconciliation. This is the conclusion to which Sir Edward Carson, no less than Lord Lansdowne, is being forced by his reasonable followers. No one but the sensation-loving readers of the *Daily Express* any longer believes that Ulster women and children will be homeless in a land of red war during the next year and a half, and that they will be flying for refuge to kindly English homes under the leadership of Mr. Harold Smith. In Ulster many Unionist professional men and tradesmen look forward apprehensively to the coming months. But the danger which they foresee approaches in the guise, not of English troops marching under the orders of Mr. Redmond, but of the violence of their own mob when it has got beyond control. Sir Edward Carson, of course, declares that the Liberal Government, and not he, is responsible for the present agitation in Ulster. It is open to any irritated man to excuse himself for some criminal act on grounds of this sort. Sir Edward and his leading generals, however, are not even Ulstermen—if they were it might perhaps be some slight excuse for their extravagances. As has been pointed out, Sir Edward is an import from hated Dublin, while the Commander-in-Chief of the U.V.F., his Chief of Staff and his Galloper—heaven help us!—are all Englishmen. Clearly, Ulster has recently been speaking through a borrowed megaphone

As soon as she begins to speak in her natural voice again—and this will not be long—Ulster and Mr. Redmond should find no difficulty in coming to terms.

A SITE FOR LONDON UNIVERSITY

THE finding of an appropriate site for the proposed re-organised University of London is one of the principal problems for the Departmental Committee appointed by the President of the Board of Education to consider means of putting the Royal Commission's recommendations into effect; it is to be the subject of special negotiation between the County Council and the Senate; it has—largely through misunderstandings—aroused feelings of a strength altogether out of proportion to its intrinsic difficulty. One unfortunate misunderstanding is that which has led many of those holding, or upholding, the External degree of the University to resist centralisation as such. The opposition of interests implied in this resistance has no reality. The case of the Externals is not obscure. No one can possibly deny that the chance of acquiring an External degree has given encouragement, satisfaction, opportunity, and even something of that corporate spirit which is the chief gift of any university, to thousands of people—principally teachers—who would otherwise have been debarred from these blessings altogether. That is good—failing something better: it is, of course, what prevented the Commission from urging the abolition of the External side. But we are not content that the blessings of the Externals should be so insufficient. We concur with Mr. Acland's condemnation, quoted and approved by the Commissioners, of a system which allows the teacher to slave for his degree when his ordinary day's work is over. "I think broadly," says Mr. Acland, "that . . . the teacher ought to have his qualifications before he starts out upon his work and begins teaching." But we go further. We demand the same equipment for every member of every brain-working profession, and for everyone who desires it and can profit by it. Before long it will be recognised that tertiary education is a primary right. In that day there will be no need for External degrees, nor, on the other hand, any possibility of that excessive centralisation which Externals fear. When within the area served by London University there are 20,000 undergraduates, there will necessarily be a profusion of different colleges to meet their needs. Such expansion was not admitted as imminent by the Commissioners; but, if we consent to argue on their estimate of a much smaller number, we do not even so find them contending that all London undergraduates should be educated in one central place. Indeed, the special arrangements which they contemplate for the Imperial College of Technology, and the hopes they hold out for the East London College, show that they do not regard the difficulties of organisation over a wide area as either avoidable or insuperable. It is quite clear, then, that the champions of the Commission and their External critics will ultimately agree along the *via media* of widespread collegiate education (the provinces, of course, to be no less well-equipped than the capital); and it is a pity to postpone that agreement by division and recrimination. But whatever scope for London University may finally be accepted, there can be no justification for the central and ceremonial buildings of the University being, as they now are, divorced from the main teaching centres, and contemptible in themselves.

There is no real hope for London University until the public imagination is kindled and the public pride awakened over it; and imagination and pride require a building that can be thought of as the worthy expression of a great idea. The Commissioners were rightly emphatic about this; nor as an abstract truth will it be denied by anyone. The trouble arises from its conjunction with certain concrete proposals. To quote the Commissioners themselves:

> If King's College, the new University Department of Household and Social Science, the Brown Animal Sanatory Institution, and the Central University buildings were all moved to the Bloomsbury district, where they would be close to University College, the School of Economics, and the new Constituent College in Arts and Science for evening students, it ought to be possible to create in time a University quarter which would perhaps do more than anything else to impress the imagination of the great London public, and to convince them that the University was a reality.

Already, as early as the spring of last year, Lord Haldane had been promised a sum of as much as £355,000 conditionally on the acquisition of one particular site—the one immediately behind the British Museum, known generally as the Bedford site. This large sum was, in fact, raised in eight days; but objections were made to the manner in which it had been identified with a particular position without due consultation with the University; an unfortunate impression was created, and the scheme temporarily fell through. Surely, however, all parties are by now united in the desire to decide the future of this important question without reference to the mistakes or misjudgments of the past.

The next proposal was to acquire the site of the present Foundling Hospital; and then a third group cast glances across the river, towards the site adjacent to the new County Hall,

> *Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore.*

All through, moreover, a few people have clung to the *status*—or rather the *situs*—*quo*: there may thus be said to be four proposals in all. The *Times*, with admirable impartiality, published in its recent Educational Supplement, besides a detailed history of the controversy, the arguments urged by the advocates of each proposal. Many of these, naturally, cancel out by directly contradicting each other. The individual inclinations thus indicated are neither blameworthy nor avoidable. All sorts of enthusiasms are involved, and many issues are necessarily rather of opinion than of fact. For instance, it might seem that controversy as to the central nature of the various sites was impossible—that it was merely a matter of measuring distances. But—the distances from where? And what about means of locomotion, present and future? And amenities? Is not (to take one example) proximity to the British Museum a greater element of "centrality" than any geographical advantage?

More beyond controversy is the question of size. The area available on the river site would altogether amount to 7¾ acres; that on the Foundling Hospital site to 9¼ acres (with probably chances of extension later); that on the Bedford site to about 7¼ acres. But it must be remembered that, if the University occupied the last-named, it would practically join the British Museum to University College, and that the latter itself occupies more than 6 acres—already the property of the University: so that the total central University area would approach 14 acres. And here we come to the heart of the matter. The real objection felt to the Bedford site is fear of the undue aggrandisement of University College; yet surely those who fear this must have forgotten its incorporation with the University. "It is natural," says the *Times*, speaking of the proposed transference to the Bedford site, "that King's College should first satisfy itself that it will be able to preserve its own individuality." "It is hardly likely," says Sir Edward Busk, "that any part of King's College, except the Theological Department, could continue to exist if it were placed next door to University College." But here again there is danger of misunderstanding. The conditions of University College and King's College are not in any case comparable. The former is well situated, and its buildings are constantly being extended; the latter, in spite of recent re-adjustments, is so closely constricted as to render its ultimate removal an obvious necessity. If, when moved, it is adjacent to University College, either both will lose their identity, or neither. If they are kept distinct, the main University structure will be supported by two famous constituent colleges, and the fact of one having been there longer than the other will signify little. If they are amalgamated, each will gain or lose precisely as much dignity as the other. In a recent letter to the *Spectator*, a member of the Senate actually declared that the choice of the Bedford site would be a "scoop" for University College, and that "Lord Haldane, as a Life Governor of University College, is deeply interested in its achieving this 'scoop.'" But Lord Haldane's Life Governorship is merely a matter of historical interest, implying no powers whatever; whereas the writer of the letter is himself, in a very real sense, a "governor" of University College, by virtue of his membership of the Senate. The fact of incorporation is decisive against the supposition of collegiate self-aggrandisement. There cannot be any question of rival institutions. It is simply a question of what is best for the University.

What, then, is the real situation, stated in terms of incontrovertible fact and stripped of sentimental illusions? The choice of site is urgent; it must be made in order to clear the way for greater matters. The requirement so stressed by the Commissioners—the forming of a University quarter—is fulfilled by the Foundling Hospital site less adequately than by the Bedford site, and by the river site not at all. On only one site—the Bedford one—would it be possible to begin any considerable buildings immediately. In connection with only one site—the Bedford one—has any considerable sum of money been at any time forthcoming (apart from the Drapers' Company's offer of £60,000, which is earmarked for the erection of a Senate House, and is conditional only on the Company's approval of the site, plans, etc.). It is true that Lord Haldane's £355,000 is no longer available; but it is probable that much of the sum so readily promised last year could still be successfully appealed for; and that sum amounts to over two-thirds of the estimated value of the site. It is intolerable that the university education of our capital city should be held up by any narrow zeal, or by any misconception that can be dispelled. "He that builds a fair house upon an ill seat," says Bacon, "committeth himself to prison." So far the University has not had even the fair house, and so has been doubly a prisoner. Only a generous, a united, and an immediate effort on the part of all who care for its future can put an end to its humiliating incarceration.

CROSS-CURRENTS IN CHINA

By a Peking Official

CHINESE politics, like Chinese diplomacy, are generally regarded as following inscrutable laws of their own, incomprehensible to the European mind. But that is only the effect of distance. When, during the siege of the Legations in 1900, the late Empress Dowager interrupted the flight of shells and rifle bullets to send presents of fresh fruit and vegetables to the besieged Europeans, the motive of the gift did not proceed from any oriental refinement of the cat-and-mouse game, nor from a tortuous diplomacy designed to suggest that the Europeans were being attacked against the real wishes of the Empress; it was due simply to a change in the balance of political parties at the Chinese Court. And so also with regard to Chinese diplomacy generally; it is not so very intricate, and it is not particularly far-sighted. The Chinese diplomat acts in international politics just as the Chinese trader acts when you want to buy something from him. He will not decide to-day what he can equally well put off till to-morrow, and he simply cannot help bargaining. He would delay and chaffer even though it were to his manifest advantage to accept at once, and sometimes by accident rather than by design time works for him and approves his policy.

To estimate the probable course of political events in China, we must take account of four main influences, or of five if we antedate our analysis to include the last Manchu dynasty, but that is hardly now a force at all. The revolution was merely a change of Government. The energy of the Manchu party was insufficient to keep a hold on the reins of power after the death of that masterful personality the Empress Dowager, even though its trained armies were able to scatter the revolutionary hordes at Hanyang as they pleased; and so it readily gave place to that section of the bureaucratic party politic which, even when she was still on the throne, had been the real governors. The President (Yuan Shih Kai) himself is not really in sympathy with this party. He stands for a different policy. But since they keep him in power, and since he must work through them, it is their policies that tend to be expressed. The outlook of this party is essentially bureaucratic; they have no particular foreign policy. To them the nation exists for the benefit of the office-bearer, and in pursuit of this ideal they strive to bring as much influence as possible under the control of the Central Government. It is in this respect that their policies harmonise with that of Yuan Shih Kai. The President would like to establish a strong and centralised government to head a nation that would

take its place among the world powers. He is an astute and far-sighted politician; but he is not a statesman, and has none of the constructive political ideas that give force to the Radical party. A practical and efficient administrator, unscrupulous in his weapons, he would establish a practical and efficient government—for his own lifetime; but he has no more creative genius in politics than had the numerous founders of temporary dynasties in China before his day. For the rest, he is largely influenced by personal feeling; he has the power of attracting subordinates to him, and of winning the loyalty of his soldiers; he understands the might that lies in properly trained and equipped troops and in big guns, and he will always be superior to his opponents in all that is connected with the using of these; he alone has the confidence of the foreign executive Powers who wish China to follow in the lines of their own development, and for this reason he is assured of the support of his party of bureaucrats. If he lives long enough, and if his health lasts, he will probably attain his end, backed as his policy is by England, Germany, and other European Powers, unless the fourth of the influences which we have referred to succeeds in giving a different aspect to the map of China.

The second influence at work is that of the Radical party, represented mainly by the Kuomintang. They are responsible for the actual revolution; they include a majority of the foreign-educated returned students—though these are generally ready enough to join the bureaucratic group if they once get into office—and they have the chief voice in both Houses of the Parliament. Their ideal is a modern centralised Republic with a large measure of local self-government; they include office-seekers who are quite ready to ruin their country in international politics for the sake of temporary party advantage, unpractical enthusiasts fired with the ideas of the French Revolution, men of more or less socialistic ideas, extremists such as Pan-Asiatics and so on. They would have been willing to put Yuan at the head of the Republic, for the time at least, if they could have trusted him to respect constitutional forms. They are a dynamic force, and would fain infect the representatives of provincial independence with their quality and hurry the raw levies of peasants into the field, where Yuan's troops can mow them down at pleasure. They have a certain frothy sentiment of nationalism which is neither very clear-sighted nor very real. There are genuine democrats among them; but the party as a whole will hardly be a determining factor until Yuan is no more, and until a second and more genuine revolution has perhaps cleared the lists. Their ablest men will always tend to join the bureaucratic party, bringing into it from time to time a certain leaven of ideas. If Yuan can get foreign loans enough, he will buy off their most dangerous men with official positions or direct bribes; he will discredit them in the eyes of the merchant classes by side-tracking all their energies in futile parliamentary squabbles over things of no importance, or in equally unproductive national crusades against this or that foreign Power with whom he will be making secret treaties behind their backs; and he will have the approval of all the static forces of law and order, of commercialism and of conservatism.

The third influence is the most important and the most obscure. It might be described as the tendency towards disruption born of the desire for provincial independence. But its roots lie somewhat deeper. China, even under the Manchus, was called the most democratic country in the world. The national life went on in some underground way, and the people seemed to submit to the extortions of the Manchu bureaucracy just as one submits to be pestered by a fly which it is too much trouble to squash. A Manchu official generally knew how far it was safe to go; if he went beyond this limit, the giant democracy would assert itself, and he knew that it was useless to look to Peking for support. The people took matters into their own hands; the oppressive official lost his life, or was cashiered by his superiors, and a less provoking parasite was sent from Peking to supersede him. It is false political science to say that the Chinese seem to be able to get along without any government; organisation and definite institutions do exist, but our ignorance of the guild system, of the local village administration system, and of the co-operative societies of producers causes us to be very much in the dark about all this side of Chinese national existence. The people of China do not think of themselves as part of the State; they have long been accustomed to manage their own affairs locally, and to look on the Government as an exotic parasitic institution, in which it has hitherto been possible for their sons to get posts if their standard of plodding literary industry were high enough. No conception of the only effectual method of exterminating parasites by doing away with their breeding-places has entered the minds of the Chinese. Parasites of this kind are to them, with all their faults, a heaven-ordained institution. The Revolution has not been looked upon by the mass of the people as an event of any unusual importance. But the change from the old system of appointment to public office on the result of a competitive examination in Chinese classics to the system at present in operation is much more real. Incidentally it is in practice much less democratic, for the standard of education now required calls for resources and opportunities that are not in the reach of everybody. Also the combined result of Yuan's centralising activities and of the tincture of Radicalism left in the ex-members of the Kuomintang, is a kind of official who is not content to be a mere parasite and who wants to see things and do things himself; and thus the opposition of the mass to bureaucratic control has converted the passive resistance of the provinces into a movement in favour of provincial autonomy.

The country already possesses local self-government; but the nation has not risen to the idea of a central government which can play the same part in national affairs that their local bodies play in local affairs, and it will be a long time before their distrust of official protestations, born from years of experience of official extortions, will allow them to look upon the members of a national parliament as their representatives. The Radical party, misled by the easiness with which the Manchu rule was overthrown, have attempted to combine these provincial elements against Yuan. Hence the late disturbances, somewhat mistakenly called the revolt of the South—for, though Canton is always more ready to appeal to arms than the other provinces, yet the Opposition is as strong in, for example, Hunan, Shansi, or Kansu. But the Radical party have not been very successful in their attempt; for they also have a centralising aim, and many of the provinces prefer to stand aloof. If Yuan fails to overcome the resistance of the provinces—and it will be much more difficult to deal with in its semi-passive form than the more noisy Radical Opposition—a loose Federation of States might be possible; but here the fourth influence steps in. Yuan is trying to use the support of the foreigners to overcome the opposition of the provinces, even as he has relied on foreign loans to crush the Radical revolt. For this is the real significance of the appointment of various foreigners lately to reorganise the salt gabelle, to audit the accounts of the new National Bank, and to supervise the collection of the country's finances generally. The Chinese are quite capable themselves of doing all this, or rather they are about as capable as foreigners; but the Chinese Government wants to use the names of these Europeans to force the provincial authorities to let them investigate into and centralise their accounts. This, of course, may cause anti-foreign outbreaks, in which

case Yuan could bid for continued financial support from Europe as the maintainer of the rights of foreigners; but there is a danger of his becoming discredited thereby as a betrayer of the Chinese race on the one hand, and as incapable of enforcing the securities of loans on the other. It is a dangerous game to play, and this brings us to the fourth of the influences mentioned.

This is the active armed intervention of foreign Powers. French officials in Indo-China certainly look upon Yunnan as already French territory, and Germany will be quite prepared to take Shantung. England would prefer financial exploitation of China—though Indian officials may possibly look upon Tibet as French do upon Yunnan—but she would certainly demand a something in the Yangtze valley if partition became likely. None of these nations, however, are sufficiently interested to deliberately work for the dismemberment of China; the possibilities are too full of pitfalls for aggressive measures; the position of sleeping partners in China's commercial and industrial expansion suits them better. It is otherwise with Japan and Russia. There is already acknowledged to be a secret agreement between Yuan and Russia as to the future of Mongolia, and Japan and Russia have doubtless come to an understanding in respect of Manchuria. It is not to the interest of either Japan or Russia to see a strong centralised government in China; and if they give their support—indirectly, of course—to the provincial authorities in their struggle against the central Government, the result may be that Yuan's government will fall to pieces, or that he will have to appeal directly to the foreign Governments to look after the securities pledged to them for the loans. In either case China would come under a commission of foreign Powers, provincial autonomy under their suzerainty would be tried, and the future would depend on the rapidity of digestion of the suzerains and on their being able to agree over the division of the spoils.

A VENETIAN NIGHT

THE buzzing began at once. Anticipating the worst, I was not disappointed. The mosquito nets were of that inadequate pattern which needs pinning in front, instead of covering the whole bed. I thought with envy of those happy officials in the Panama Canal zone who live in mosquito-proof houses, such as this quondam palace is not. Our fear of the unfamiliar is notable. Never again could I feel as I did that first night. Nor could one face a second surgical operation with the same anxiety which beset the first, though, indeed, a first operation, a first appearance in the witness-box, are trifles compared with a first mosquito. I was never so frightened, furious, and feverish in my life. All precautions had been taken against the terror that flieth by night. The windows had been closed, almost according to the instructions in Cook's Guide, and I was duly stewed. But I must protest against the statement in that culinary manual as to shutting the windows at night on grounds of health, as well as to exclude mosquitoes.

This is just where we know better than our forefathers. I believe, and have elsewhere argued, that the bad reputation of night air is wholly due to the fact that the female mosquito bites at night. *Malaria* is, of course, Italian for bad air. People who exposed themselves at night, in the neighbourhood of swamps, contracted the disease. The nocturnal emanations or miasms from the stagnant water were supposed to be responsible, and hence the doctrine that night air is noxious. (Darkness is also associated with evil influences, and some philologists connect *nox* with the root of *nocere*—to do harm, as in our word noxious.) But it is worth knowing that night air is usually purer chemically than day air, though cooler and perhaps damper. The fear of night air, involving defective ventilation, lowered resistance, and facilitated infection, must markedly raise the incidence of pulmonary tuberculosis, which is, as Koch long ago declared, a bedroom disease. It is also worth noting that, while all air at night is night air, the only night air to be feared in England is that which we make ourselves in closed bedrooms while we sleep. This undoubtedly is noxious, and deserves all that has been said against the pure night air which we so carefully exclude.

But to resume my narrative. Having been well stewed, I was ready to be served, and the guest entered, with more audible expressions of hunger and delight than most ladies permit themselves. As Mr. Kipling says in his exquisite verse, "The female of the species is deadlier than the male." This is due to the fact that the male has no lower jaw, and is therefore a vegetarian; but whether he makes a virtue of this necessity we shall never know. Fresh human blood, on the other hand, is the ideal fare of his mate, and in this case the blood was mine. I am happy to say, however, that she did not live to digest it, for finally, with a palpitating heart and a shaking arm, I killed her. Then I set seriously to work, and spent an active hour or so in chasing others round the walls. Never did I feel so like a politician as when I banged away at stains which were of merely historical interest, and missed the living evils time and again. A little care and trouble of the right kind, at the right time, might have allowed me to enjoy a very different kind of Venetian night; but I had neglected to shut the windows before I turned up the light, and therefore I had to smash and swear away at what should never have happened at all. Until the dawn I marvelled that any one lives in Italy, still more that anyone should be such a fool as to enter it for pleasure; but by the second night I had learnt that prevention is better than cure, that one need not be eaten, nor even cooked.

The ways of these and other insects have made and are making history. Here there is nothing but annoyance to fear, but everyone knows that mosquitoes convey the living parasites of malaria and yellow fever in many parts of the world. The mosquito is simply the intermediate and doubtless suffering host. It does not create the disease. The relations involved are strictly specific. Only *Anopheline* mosquitoes convey malaria, only the *stegomyias* convey yellow fever. The uninfected mosquito is as harmless as the *culices* which I lately fed and slew. It follows that, though these diseases are not infectious in the ordinary sense, the introduction of a patient into a healthy community, given also the presence of the right kind of mosquito, will lead to the spread of the disease. He infects the mosquitoes that bite him, and they infect his neighbours. This is a matter of practical interest, for it directly suggests measures of the highest importance for the prevention of malaria in India, where from one to two million deaths are caused by it annually.

I said that these insects have made history. Recent

students are beginning to look at history in vital and biological terms, realising that, as I argued at the Royal Institution some years ago, history is a special biological phenomenon. There is good reason to suppose that the fall of Greece, surely the most deplorable fact in the human record, was due to the introduction of malaria by soldiers returning from conquest. The mosquitoes being present, the disease was rapidly distributed, and sapped, as everywhere, the vitality of the race. Men really cannot build Parthenons or empires with the *plasmodium* of malaria breeding in their blood. Similar evidence, somewhat less strong, has been adduced regarding Rome. And, to skip many ages, the reader need scarcely be reminded that the French lost fifty thousand lives in Panama, and abandoned their task, defeated by the deadly alliance of the anopheles and the stegomyia. The Canal now exists primarily because Pasteur's pupil Laveran found the *plasmodium* of malaria in the blood a generation ago, and because Manson's work led Ross to find it in the stomach of an anopheles near the end of the last century. The parasite of yellow fever has never been found, and is probably an ultra-microscopic "filter-passer"; but analogy, and brave experiment on themselves, with loss of life, led the American students to incriminate the *stegomyia*, which no longer exists in the Canal zone, where there has now been no yellow fever for years.

There is so much more to say, but one must briefly note three points. The first is that the greatest liberty man has ever taken with Nature (as Mr. Bryce calls it) is the result of the application of knowledge by autocracy in the face of indignant democracy. For nine months only sanitary measures were taken, while the American public demanded to "see the dirt fly." Colonel Gorgas was given a staff of two thousand men and the powers of a military autocrat. The noses of ignorance were left uncounted, but its slops and its cisterns were not allowed to be exposed, for in such conditions the *stegomyia* breeds. There was no referendum, nor general election, nor voting on "local option." The idea was not to please people, but to do something. Absolute prohibition of alcohol throughout the whole zone was established—a fact which has not emerged in the accounts of any of the newspaper correspondents, whose columns of fact have to appear beside others of fancy. A rigorous system of fines and inspection was imposed, and now this once pestilential zone, where the bodies of so many pioneers have fallen, offers vital statistics which compare favourably with those of the best health resorts in the United States—and no wonder. At Panama the hotel had no mosquito nets, the Dean of Hereford lately told me, for when he paid a visit to it there were no mosquitoes to exclude. Whether any general political inferences as to the possible advantages of rare knowledge over numerous ignorance in the modern State are herefrom to be drawn I must leave the reader to say.

The next point is that our paramount duty to India now is to abolish malaria there. As for money, a start might have been made with the sixty thousand pounds (was it not?) which was spent on the King's crown when he lately visited his Eastern Empire. To make a good start with this work of supreme beneficence would be a crown of crowns for any Emperor of India. ("And the absurd thing is that it was so revoltingly hideous," says the critic who passes my stuff before I send it in. "I wouldn't grudge sixty thousand for Holbeins or something like that. But for a hundred pounds they might have made a lovely crown with moonstones and chrysoprase, used as in the old Venetian art, instead of that awful thing, with stones stuck in it all over the place.")

Lastly, be it noted that the insects are the highest form of invertebrate life, with its feature of instinct, as against ourselves, the highest form of vertebrate life, with its feature of intelligence. The future of our planet largely depends upon the contest between these two. But for more of this the reader need only be referred to the greatest book of our century, M. Bergson's *Creative Evolution*. There is illumination indeed, whereas in these columns the reader can only hope to see through a glass darkly. LENS.

THE USES OF ABUSE

AFTER years and years of ubiquitous eulogistic froth there are at last indications of a reaction in favour of a more judicious—and, therefore, in many cases, a more savage—treatment of contemporary literature. The other day a writer in the *Westminster* was sighing for the time when Henley used to apply to his brethren the delicate epithet of "barnacles"; and in the current number of the *British Review* Mr. Robert Lynd has an article on "The Critic as Destroyer" for which he deserves the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. Mr. Lynd's practice in this respect is not always so excellent as his precept. An Ulsterman, with all those eminently pacific qualities which distinguish Sir Edward Carson's Volunteer Force, he is sometimes too preoccupied with tempering the wind to give the lamb a really efficient shearing. But his analysis of the proper functions of criticism, and especially of the functions most commonly neglected to-day, could not be bettered. He does not—unlike the young man who applied to Lord Morley for a job on the *Pall Mall*—believe that a gift for "invective" is a complete critical equipment. His ideal critic is not a judge who goes on perpetual circuit with the black cap glued to his head. He is aware that the greatest and the most permanent kind of criticism must take the form of "appreciation." But he recognises that the critic, and in particular the critic who reviews current literature for the periodical press, has not only the duty of discovering good work and praising it, but the collateral duty of exposing sham art; above all, of exposing it when there is a serious risk of its taking intelligent people in.

There never was a time in England when the standard of periodical criticism was very high. When the courage of reviewers was at its highest their judgment was at its lowest, and some of the most famous of English destructive criticisms—such as that of the swollen-headed Gifford upon Keats—have been amongst the most stupid. The most famous of all, perhaps, is Macaulay's on Robert Montgomery. That most monstrously amusing essay is an example, unique in the language, of a criticism which is nothing but a review of the works of a thoroughly bad writer being enjoyed by generation after

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generation of readers. But it does not survive as criticism; it survives as witticism. Were it not for this essay Robert Montgomery would be completely forgotten; his unhappy corpse is preserved in spirits. Nobody now can share Macaulay's enthusiasm for destroying this popular humbug, for we can scarcely believe that he was popular. Macaulay was certainly lying when he said that he had picked "at random" his extracts from his victim's works. The mass of Montgomery's verses are not comic or ungrammatical; they are merely abysmally dull. One suspects that Macaulay saw in Montgomery the makings of a first-class butt, and exaggerated the poet's vogue in order to excuse himself for wasting time upon him; for it is incredible that Montgomery, whatever his sales with the mass of pious folk, can have cast a spell over anybody with a grain of sense or taste. We may say of most of the destructive criticisms of the past that they have either been abuse of works which should have been praised or abuse of works which need not have been noticed at all. The swords of Gifford and Jeffrey turned into boomerangs and smote their wielders on the head; the swords of Pope and Macaulay were employed, with most entertaining dexterity, on the slicing of cobwebs. Really wise and unflinching attack upon the inferior works of good men, or upon men who, though not devoid of merit, are overrated and indiscriminately praised, has always been rare.

But for the past few years destructive criticism of all kinds, necessary and superfluous, sane and stupid, has been in literature almost non-existent. Here and there some writer or journal, with a "What devils we are" sort of air, has fearlessly attacked books so obscure that they had better have passed unnoticed, or authors who make no pretence to write literature and have never deluded anybody into thinking it of them. But no earthly service to letters is performed by ferocious battering, say, of novels by Mr. Le Queux, or of Mr. Adolphus Pook's *Lyra Adolescentis*. Speaking generally, anything like a really balanced examination of new developments or a fearless inspection of accepted literary idols has been impossible to find. Mr. Lynd thinks that the reason of it is that the miserable critics, conscious of being at least as foolish as their ancestors, have got frightened. They see the way behind them strewn with the wrecks of hostile criticisms. They don't want to stumble into the stocks of literature, there to be pelted with the bad eggs of all posterity.

> Most of us nowadays labour under such a terror of accidentally condemning something good that we have not the courage to condemn anything at all. We think of the way in which Browning was once taunted for his obscurity, and we cannot find it in our hearts to censure Mr. Doughty. We recall the ignorant attacks on Manet and Monet, and we will not risk an onslaught on the follies of Picasso and the worse-than-Picassos of contemporary art.

There is undoubtedly some truth in this. But there are other elements in the situation also. This fear of committing a public blunder might explain a failure to commit one's opinions to print, but it does not explain the very prevalent habit, among professed critics, of failing to form any definite opinions at all. For one reason or another we have been going through a period of confused standards, of hesitating judgments, of universal tolerance. And even where men form opinions, even where they are convinced that they are just, they frequently fail to express them—not because they fear a wrath to come, but because they forget their duty to the public in their desire to avoid saying anything unpleasant. This desire is widespread as a general inclusive desire; it is not uncommon as a particular desire also. Everybody meets everybody else in literary London. Men often love as friends people whom they detest as writers. The wish to avoid wounding agreeable and affectionate persons is at the bottom of a great deal of dishonest criticism; and besides it is not the easiest thing to call a man an impostor, a fraud, a faker, or even a barnacle, and preserve him as the friend of one's bosom. Such comments are apt to breed a certain stiffness.

Heaven forbid that we should hope for a revival of the scurrilous methods of the early eighteenth century. We do not meditate a new *Dunciad* with lines like

> Here Bennett boils whole Potteries of pots,

or

> And Galsworthy, with many a dismal groan,
> Mourns over dogs in accents like their own.

Abuse without discrimination defeats its own ends; nobody takes it seriously. Nor do we ask that reviewers as a body should begin wasting their energies on demolishing harmless creatures—like the prophet's she bears who came out of the wood and ate up two-and-forty infants. What we do want—and the absence of it has led a large number of people to cease taking seriously anything concerning books they see in a newspaper—is a cautious and conscientious consideration of everything contemporary that is at all widely accepted as good literature, and the use of diatribe, as drastic as the circumstances may require, against all that seems to the sober critical mind to be meretricious or insincere. It is careful vigilance on our good authors and our supposedly good authors that is most needed. Because a man has written three or four novels every one of his subsequent works ought not to be allowed to pass muster without examination; because a poet is an obviously gifted, vigorous and benevolent man he ought not, without adequate consideration, to be termed a classic; because a dramatist is patently more in earnest than most of his contemporaries he should not therefore be immune from condemnation. There are many of our most eminent living writers whose qualities and defects have never been seriously examined in print since they made their first successes. They have gone on gathering snowballs of reputation when, in reality, their work has been falling off deplorably, and they are tacitly accepted as possessing all kinds of qualities that they do not possess and never have possessed. Some of our literary gods are golden gods with feet of clay; some of them are little tin gods with clay up to their waists. There is no need for exaggeration in criticism and no need for lack of proportion. Merely let praise be given where it is due, and damns—not of faint praise, but hearty and unambiguous damns—where they are due. If Mr. Lynd and his critical fellows really go on the loose and say exactly what, after mature thought, they think, and nothing more, we shall get a collapse and a dust, a tumult and a shattering of graven images, not excelled since the times when Samson braced his arms and pulled down the temple in Philistia.

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A FRANCO-GERMAN ENTENTE*

AMONG reasonable people throughout the world Revenge, as a motive of action, is losing its hold. Revenge is barbaric; also it does not pay. But there is no ignoring the fact that there are still, in France as in England, a great many people to whom Honour is more important than Life itself, who jealously adore their country's flag and who believe that the humiliation inflicted more than forty years ago will remain until it is wiped out in blood. That is the real excuse for Gustave Hervé's recent book on *l'Alsace-Lorraine*. In a rather pessimistic but severely practical mood he has put together his fourteen chapters; and it is not till the thirteenth that mention is made distinctly of this most important point as to the large proportion of Frenchmen still capable of being roused by a skilful administration of appeals to the sentiment of "Revanche."

Having pointed out that *economic* divergence of interests between nations can be adjusted without danger of bloodshed, he continues:

> Matters which arrange themselves with more difficulty are the matters concerning pride, vanity, self-esteem and sentiment.
>
> The Alsace-Lorraine affair is one of these. It has left in France a memory so poignant that, 42 years afterwards, when practically no cool-headed person in France would dare to speak of a revenge by arms, any Government is nevertheless able, by playing judiciously on that memory, to draw the country into all kinds of follies. I am not sure that if the Socialist party, united with the General Confederation of Labour ("C.G.T."), were to call the people to a street demonstration, a demonstration where there would be the risk of getting kicks and sabre strokes, I am not sure that we should be more than 10,000 in all Paris ready to run even this slight risk. But I am sure, perfectly certain, that by playing on the people's sentiments, by cleverly exploiting old grudges and wounds given to self-esteem by the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine and by the injustice of this outrage, there would be found 50,000 men at least in Paris who would risk their lives to wipe out this national humiliation.

So it is from a basis of pessimism that the argument starts—modified pessimism which, acknowledging the failure of the socialist-pacifist ideal, sets about proving the practicability of the proposition of compromise. With a deliberateness and precision almost mathematical M. Hervé puts forward his arguments to demonstrate, by the process of eliminating all other solutions, that his own is the only practicable one. But he adds to the impression of a professorial touch by prefacing his little treatise with a statement that it is the logical continuation of the teaching he formerly gave, when, as professor in the colleges of the Republic, he made the students love Germany of the Reformation as well as France of the Revolution, the land of Goethe like that of Hugo, in order to help towards effecting "l'entente franco-allemande."

The first chapter is a demonstration of the "furious folly" involved in the continued increase in armament outlay, and of the fact that the only way to stop such ruinous expenditure, and to make sure that there shall not be a general European conflagration, is to secure a proper understanding between France and Germany. It concludes with a touch of the dramatic:

> Notre seule planche, de salut, c'est l'entente franco-allemande.
> La civilisation est en péril.
> Au secours!

The author follows this up by asking whether an *entente* is possible without conditions, and, after putting forward every argument that can be made in favour of such free friendship, concludes that in spite of its reasonableness, an unconditional *entente* would not be tolerated by the *bourgeoisie* of France owing to "L'obstacle: l'Alsace-Lorraine," as the third chapter is called. Starting the chapter with the hypothesis that "All people have need of an ideal," he asserts that the ideal of the better people among the French *bourgeoisie* is patriotism, which has become for them a kind of religion, just as Socialism and Syndicalism has for "the people"; and "The question of Alsace-Lorraine has remained for them the pivot of all their foreign politics." Even a part of those workers who vote Socialist have remained attached to the old nationalist ideal that Alsace-Lorraine ought to become again French territory.

Chapter IV., composed mostly of quotations from articles which appeared in *l'Humanité* during April last—interviews with members of different parties in the Alsace-Lorraine Parliament—shows that the whole "Voix d'Alsace-Lorraine" is against a war of revenge; that no people in the world desire a Franco-German *entente* more than the people of the annexed provinces. The next two chapters carry this optimistic view of the question still further by showing that the German people, not only the Socialists but also the Germans as a whole, including the Government itself, desire peace. On the other hand, it is made clear in the same chapters that, from Hervé's point of view, there is still great danger of war, a conflict into which France may be drawn almost automatically and with no better excuse than the defence of Panslavist interests; and this danger he seems to think will be increased if Spain be drawn into the "Triple *Entente*." It is here that Hervé insinuates into his argument the point that is, perhaps, the main motive of the book. He contends that the distasteful Franco-Russian Alliance ("l'alliance cosaque") seemed necessary to France only because it was necessary to defend the French Colonial Empire against the "voracity" of Germany. Now, however, France would be ready to let some of its colonies go for the sake of an *entente cordiale* with Germany. "It is only—there is not a man of good sense in France who will contest it, to whatever party he belongs—the question of Alsace-Lorraine."

Having demonstrated that it is essential to the world's peace that the Alsace-Lorraine question be settled, M. Hervé proceeds to demonstrate that the problem, as a matter of abstract Right (Droit), is quite insoluble; "the question of Alsace-Lorraine can be settled only as a business matter." He asks pardon for mentioning anything so sordid as business:

> Mânes immortels de Hugo et de Goethe, pardonnez ce blasphème qu'on dirait sorti de la bouche d'un marchand de cochons de Chicago.

He adds that there are, however, different kinds of markets: "Il y a des affaires fort respectables," and the bargain he suggests will be much "cleaner" than others which have been made in Europe. He does not spare his satire with regard to the greedy scramble for pieces of Northern Africa, nor with regard to colonial expansion generally; but he suggests that it would be as easy and as becoming to bargain with Germany over Alsace-Lorraine as it has been to exchange a piece of the French Congo for a part of Morocco. He then examines systematically four possible bargains which might be made: (1) The Minimum: Alsace-Lorraine to become a Republic with Autonomy, but to remain a part of the Federal German Empire. (2) The Lame (*boiteuse*) solution: giving Lorraine back to France in exchange for a colony, but leaving Alsace to Germany. (3) The Maximum: Alsace-Lorraine to be given back to France in exchange for Belgian Congo, which France would first obtain by purchase. (4) The Medium solution: Alsace-Lorraine to be granted complete national independence guaranteed by Europe. It is this solution of complete national independence which (contrary to what might have been supposed) Hervé considers to be the most practicable. It would

* *L'Alsace-Lorraine*. By Gustave Hervé. Librairie de "La Guerre Sociale." 3 fr. 50.

also have the advantage, as he points out, of completing the line of neutral States (Belgium, Luxembourg and Switzerland), and so entirely separating the German frontier from that of France. As a modification of this solution he suggests that Alsace-Lorraine while politically free might, in order not to lose German trade, remain, like Luxembourg, in the German Zollverein.—But, urges M. Hervé, supposing that Alsace and Lorraine obtain exactly the form of government they themselves desire, still, if it be not granted by Germany in the form of a concession to France, then the cause of Franco-German friction will not yet be removed. There must be some "moral reparation from the German Government for the outrage committed 42 years ago."

M. Hervé is evidently convinced that the Alsace-Lorraine question must first be freely discussed, and he has a complaint against Socialists that they have shelved this question. At the conference between French and German Members of Parliament, however, which recently met at Berne, on the invitation of Swiss Members of Parliament, the question was boldly faced and discussed. The German Socialist, Karl Kautsky, said: "We protested against the annexation by force of Alsace-Lorraine. We protest as strongly against any attempt to retake this country by force. . . . We demand for Alsace-Lorraine the right of disposing of itself and establishing its autonomy on a democratic basis." The Parliament of Alsace-Lorraine has recently declared similar sentiments, while rejecting its own "Government's" "laws of exception." Referring to this vote of the Alsace-Lorraine Landtag while writing in *l'Humanité* on the Berne Conference, M. Jaurès declared that it signified "not that the preliminary solution of the problem of Alsace-Lorraine is the condition of peace, but that the certainty of peace is absolutely the preliminary condition of the solution of the Alsace-Lorraine question."

That is a point of view which M. Hervé, who on this question is somewhat at variance with the general Socialist attitude, strongly contests. He believes that a settlement of the Alsace-Lorraine question is possible not as the eventual outcome but as the foundation of a Franco-German *entente*.

L. J. S.

Correspondence

REPRESSION IN INDIA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—The writer of the article on India and military service was undoubtedly guilty of a little exaggeration in his statement that "an outspoken journal like THE NEW STATESMAN is altogether an impossibility in India"; but his exaggeration is trifling by comparison with that of "English Official" in your last issue. He says that, short of treason, "any Indian can say or write anything he pleases in India, and full advantage is taken of the fact," and he adds that "the average Indian editor is far more free than the average English editor."

Both statements are not only misleading: they are nonsensical. So far from the Indian journalist being able to write anything he pleases, he is working continually under the fear of the Press Act of 1910, which, as your Indian contributor quite rightly said, has effectually done away with the freedom of the Indian Press. Under this Act the proprietor of a newspaper may be required to deposit as security a sum up to Rs. 5,000 (£333), to be forfeited if, in the opinion of the local government, the paper is guilty of offence against the established authorities. Fresh security may then be demanded; and should this in turn be declared forfeit, the press may be seized and the paper suppressed.

It is quite true that the Act of 1910 has not been acted upon many times in connection with established newspapers (all new papers are required to deposit security). But everybody in India recognises that it is a most effectual terror; and a few months ago it was applied to a prominent Bengali daily in punishment of a series of articles on an alleged judicial scandal—articles which were as the cooing of a sucking dove by comparison with the same paper's editorials in the days of Lord Curzon and the first part of Lord Minto's term.

Those who fear the influences of a free Press among a subject people contend that the Indian Press Acts have done what they were intended to do—*i.e.*, made an end of violent writing in the Indo-English and vernacular journals, and therefore that the results are all to the good. That is a most debatable question, upon which probably the majority of the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN would not agree with "English Official." But as to the fact of the suppression of free discussion there can be no dispute at all. If "English Official" has derived his views from personal experience of India one may guess that he must have been stationed in some quiet corner of the benighted Presidency.—Yours, etc.,

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Might I ask the hospitality of your columns to answer briefly the letter of the "English Official" on the above subject appearing in your issue of September 27th?

Your correspondent seems to think that the articles which THE NEW STATESMAN might publish in London could with complete safety be published in newspapers edited by Indians in India.

I do not propose to enter into any controversy with your correspondent; but may I just give you the latest illustration of how the Press Act of 1910 is worked in India? There was a pamphlet recently published in Constantinople with the heading "Come Over into Macedonia and Help Us," with a preface by Sir Adam Block, the president of the Ottoman Bank in Constantinople. The avowed object of the publication was to draw the attention of His Majesty's subjects in the United Kingdom in order that they might move the British Government to such individual or concerted action as would put a stop to the outrages perpetrated in the Balkan States upon inoffensive Turkish subjects, which have shocked all feelings of humanity. A few copies of this pamphlet, written as it was in studiously moderate language, were sent to Mr. Mohamed Ali, of Delhi, the editor of the *Comrade* newspaper there. Mr. Mohamed Ali thought that it would be a good thing to reprint the pamphlet as a supplement to the *Comrade*, so that the attention of the Government of India might be drawn to the matter, in order that they might move the Government at home to exercise their influence with the Balkan allies to put a stop to the atrocities, and he accordingly reprinted the pamphlet and published it as a supplement to the *Comrade*. The Government of India and the Government of Bengal soon after—that is, on July 16th and 18th, 1913—published notifications in the official gazettes declaring that the pamphlet in question contained words which were likely to bring into hatred or contempt certain classes of His Majesty's subjects in British India, and that all copies of the said pamphlet, wherever found, should be forfeited to His Majesty the King-Emperor. Mr. Mohamed Ali appealed to the High Court at Calcutta against the orders published by the two Governments in question, and his appeal came on before the Chief Justice of Bengal (Sir Lawrence Jenkins), Mr. Justice Stephen, and Mr. Justice Woodroffe, and the learned judges have now held that, although the notifications in question did not comply with the terms of the Statute, and that although the grounds of the opinion formed by the two Governments in question had not been disclosed as they should have been, they were, nevertheless, having regard to the language of the Press Act of 1910, barred from questioning the legality of the forfeiture which the two Governments purported to declare. Sir Lawrence Jenkins said that it appeared to him that the provisions of the Statute were very comprehensive, and its language was as wide as human ingenuity could make it, and that it appeared to embrace the whole range of varying degrees of assurance from certainty on the one side to the very limits of impossibility on the other. He went on to add that it was difficult to see to what lengths the operation of this Statute might not be plausibly extended by an ingenious mind, and it would certainly extend to writings that might command approval, and that much that was regarded as a standard literature might undoubtedly be caught. The Chief Justice felt that, having regard to the terms of the Press Act of 1910, the burden of proof was cast on the appellant, so that, however meritorious the pamphlet might be, still, if the appellant could not establish the negative which the Act required, his appeal must fail. And what was this negative? It was not enough for the appellant to show that the words of the pamphlet were not likely to bring into hatred or contempt any class or section of His Majesty's subjects in British India, or that they had not a tendency in fact to bring about that result; but the appellant must go further, and show that it was impossible for

the words to have that tendency, either directly or indirectly, and whether by way of inference, suggestion, allusion, metaphor, or implication. Nor was that all; for the Legislature had added to all this the all-embracing phrase "or otherwise." The Chief Justice accordingly, with great reluctance, dismissed the appeal.

Now, this is the latest illustration of the operation of the Press Act of 1910. Those of your readers who take an interest in Indian affairs will remember that soon after the passing of that Act Mr. Mackarness's pamphlet on the methods of the police in India was proscribed. I have always held that it was a thousand pities that his appeal, filed before the High Court in Calcutta, was allowed to drop; but one can assert with complete accuracy that it is *not* the case that an Indian editor can now *freely and fearlessly* publish comments either on executive action or on passing events in India. Everything that appears to the official mind in India anathema is considered as amounting to treason, and "English Official" knows that.

Then there is the policy which is being largely indulged in in India at the present moment of taking securities to the extent of several thousands of rupees for good behaviour from journals of position and standing like the *Amrita Bazaar Patrika*. The very newspaper which published the pamphlet referred to above—namely, the *Comrade* newspaper—has had quite lately to give security to the satisfaction of the magistrate in Delhi.

I can only express my amazement at the way in which "English Official" has written to you.—Yours, etc.,

National Liberal Club, C. C. GHOSE.
September 30th.

OFFICIAL RAILWAY ENQUIRIES AND COMPULSION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Emil Davies sees no cure for "compulsion" except "regulations," which apparently will be about the same—only more so—under a Socialist *régime*. I confess the picture is not alluring. I, on the contrary, look forward to the Tolstoyan ideal of less and less "compulsion," because of more and more innate desire for, and habit of practising, the right action.

I am not much conversant with American journals, and perhaps that is why Mr. Davies's quotation from the *Bache Review* strikes me strangely. According to this quotation, the Inter-State Commerce Commission, by forcing upon the Pullman Car Co. the construction of 7,000 steel cars in place of 7,000 wooden ones, caused a *loss* to the company "in the neighbourhood of $140,000,000" (say, £28,000,000). It has also undertaken "at once a campaign for lower rates on sleeping cars." If it succeeds in doing both these things the moral seems to be that the Pullman Co. was earning an enormous profit, or is now working at an enormous loss and at the same time reducing its prices!

I do not know what really happened, but may I suggest that perhaps the Pullman Co. have *gradually*, during the "three or more years," been replacing their wooden by steel-bodied sleeping cars as the wooden ones get used up, and that the *Bache* statement, "the Inter-State Commerce Commission ordered *to the scrap heap* 7,000 wooden sleeping cars," is only a journalist's picturesque way of describing some such process. The further statement about the *loss* to the company of $140,000,000 is also perhaps a little journalistic embroidery.

Of course, railway companies, like private business men, public bodies and governments, sometimes "chance it" in relation to consequences which seem remote and perhaps unlikely, rather than undertake a heavy expenditure. But I am glad to think that "compulsions" on this head as knowledge and publicity increase become less and less necessary, and not more and more necessary. And, frankly, for these reasons I do not think these official inquiries are merely a "farce." I am not anxious to see crudely worked-out decisions on undigested evidence enforced upon companies upon the spur of some temporarily overmastering feeling or sentiment which is as often as not mistaken. Even when correct they often do more harm in other unforeseen directions than they do good in the matter aimed at.—Yours, etc.,

HUBERT B. MATTHEWS.

RAILWAYS AND THE STATE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—The statement in your last issue that all American railways are privately owned is not strictly correct.

The City of Cincinnati is the proprietor of the Cincinnati Southern Railway, a line over 300 miles long running through two States and into the town of Chattanooga in a third. It was completed in 1880 and in 1901 was leased to a company for 60 years at $1,116,000 per annum. This sum gives a good profit over the cost in interest.

The State of Texas owns a strange little railway, 32½ miles long, running between Rush and Palestine, and managed apparently by the Penitentiary Commission. It was equipped with three second-hand Mogul engines, one of which was "retired" during the year 1910 and "all the equipment is obsolete." Its profits for six months were about £900 on a valuation of £100,000, but "there is virgin pine timber tributary to the line which must some day be manufactured and freighted." The report is issued in carbon copies on flimsy.—Yours, etc.,

EDW. R. PEASE.

September 29th.

LABOUR PARTY POLICY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. H. H. Schloesser, as an apologist for the Labour Party's ineptitude, declares the fault to lie with the rank and file of the trade unions supporting the party. His proof of this is that no motion of censure of the Labour Party has been passed by any gathering of trade union delegates.

This sort of reasoning is typical of middle-class people who are quite ignorant of the way in which decisions are arrived at at Trade Union Congresses and similar gatherings, and of the corrupt self-seeking created among Labour leaders and officials by organised working-class participation in politics.

Democracy no more obtains in the Labour movement than it does in the Primrose League or the National Liberal Federation. The voting is in reality controlled by a small group of officials who, by virtue of their position, are able to command a majority for their views from the great inert mass in every organisation that leans towards and supports authority. When it happens that the views of the officials and those of the active rank and file become sharply divergent—the actual position now in the Labour movement regarding Parliamentarism—a long struggle necessarily ensues before the rank and file are able to prevail against their officials. A sufficient number of the inert mass have to be won over from their natural chronic belief in officialdom to the side of the insurgent rank and file. Such conversion, even when the rank and file case is a very strong one, is inevitably a slow process.

Now it is quite conceivable that while such a struggle is proceeding there may be a decided majority of the *active* rank and file of a given union in favour of an anti-official policy, yet the officials, drawing upon their inert reserves, will be able to command a majority of votes for their policy. Such, in my opinion, is the position prevailing in the Labour movement to-day in regard to Parliamentarism. Officialdom is for it to a man, the majority of the active rank and file are against it, while the inactive rank and file are true in their traditional allegiance to officialdom, the consequence being that the will of the latter prevails. Lest to people inexperienced in the working of trade unions or even Socialist organisations the "inert mass" may seem a myth, I invite them to make inquiries regarding this matter of any active trade unionist or Socialist. My experience is that the inactive membership ranges from 75 per cent. to 90 per cent. of the whole.

What has happened in the Labour movement is that Parliamentarism has created among officials a lust for the fleshpots of politics, otherwise Parliamentary seats. It is obvious to the least keen disinterested observer that the possession of these seats by their present holders, and the prospect of possessing them of many aspirants, have corrupted the whole official Labour movement. Parliamentarism offers position and comparative wealth to Labour officials not to be found on the industrial field, and they, as one hungry, ambitious brotherhood, defend it passionately and are blind to all its defects. In all this, of course, they are but natural and human.

Meantime, however, the hungry rank and file look up and are not fed. They are not obsessed with notions of careers and comparative wealth. Parliamentarism to them has meant seven lean and barren years. If officialdom has waxed fat during this period the rank and file have waxed thin. And they—I refer always to the active as distinct from the inert—are indeed not satisfied with the Labour Party. So far they have not, as Mr. Schloesser so complacently points out, succeeded in making their discontent triumph on the records, but that is only because democracy is not a good machine. The vested interests of officialdom have not yet yielded to rank and file insurgency. But they will. Insurgency has too powerful a case to be long kept back. The record of Labour Parliamentarism is too black, the promises it can make for the future are too thin, to befool again a proletariat hungry for solid things, and so far only fed to distention with windy heroics.

When rank and file insurgency does come by its own, things will go hard with place-hunting officials, with the present Labour

Party and with all the Labour Party aspirants like Mr. Schloesser. "Parlement, c'est l'ennemi" will be the watchword, and the aspirants to Parliamentary careers will have to look elsewhere than to the workers for their footstools.—Yours, etc.,

ERNEST THURTLE.

New York, September 22nd.

THE UNMARRIED MOTHER AND HER CHILD

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Whilst thanking your readers for the very generous response they have made to the appeal of Mrs. Deane Streatfeild and others on behalf of the Day-Servants' Hostel at Chelsea, may I, at the same time, refer to the letter from Mrs. Cobden Sanderson in your current issue?

There is, I think, an excellent reason why the strongest efforts should be made to help "first cases." Is it not plain that if these receive adequate treatment there will be comparatively few second cases? I will even go so far as to say that if "first cases" could be provided with the means of earning an honest livelihood without parting from their children there would be an appreciable diminution in the number of prostitutes on our streets. Sister Mildred states that the large majority of the unfortunate women in Piccadilly have taken to their terrible life in order to support a child.

The Committee of the Day-Servants' Hostel do not mean to limit their efforts to the establishment of that little institution; when that is self-supporting we shall, I hope, start others, for other classes of girls. The need of one for middle class girls is urgent: the typist, schoolmistress, lady clerk, with character lost, is more helpless even than the domestic servant.—Yours, etc.,

S. M. KINGSFORD
(*Hon. Secretary, Day-Servants' Hostel*).

5, Doneraile Street, Fulham.
September 28th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—In answer to Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, I am a servant and wish to know why the State should support uncontrolled women and their illegitimate children. The first child may be the result of ignorance, and as such the mother and child are entitled to help. The second child shows that the mother is no good as a mother or she would not have brought an unwanted child into the world for others to support—namely, the State or her relations. Knowing what trouble these women cause their relations, I am glad to hear they must remain in the workhouse.

I should like to know the moral difference between prostitution and indiscriminate and thoughtless motherhood of successive illegitimate children.—Yours, etc.,

LUCY WILLSHER.

CHILDREN AND THE POOR LAW

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Will you allow me space for a brief reference to the difficult point touched upon by you on page 740 in your issue of September 20th? A man with two boys took his discharge from a Scottish poorhouse and was required to remove the boys also. You say, "The Poor Law Authorities then washed their hands of both father and children. For this, which is what the Local Government Board and the C.O.S. recommend, they were sternly rebuked by the judge." The judge in question tried the man for murdering the two boys after leaving the poorhouse with them.

It is quite true that the C.O.S. attach great importance to the maintenance of parental obligation, and are led in consequence to oppose action which, while supplying some immediate need of children, seems likely to weaken the sense of that obligation in the community in general, *so long as there is any hope of the parents in question again doing their duty adequately by their children*. The reason why the C.O.S. take this line is that they believe that all lowering of the sense of parental obligation, whether in a street or in a whole community, leads to a *greater* amount of child neglect and child suffering, now and in the future, than that which direct relief to the children of parents *capable of amendment* can remove. Where experience shows that the parents are incorrigibly neglectful, the C.O.S. has always pressed for vigorous enforcement of the laws protecting children. It is true that short terms of imprisonment have no terrors for such people, but it is believed they have a deterrent effect upon other likely offenders.

To the second charge, that of washing their hands of cases and of the helpless dependents involved in cases, the C.O.S. does not plead guilty. It has always been the routine of all our offices to draw the attention of every available agency, official and unofficial, to such cases, and to do all we can for them ourselves besides, by means of after-care and friendly visiting committees, after material relief has obviously ceased to benefit. The C.O.S. approves, further, of the policy of adoption by the guardians of children of incorrigibly neglectful parents when the character of the parents and the prospects of the children make this course legally possible—a policy which is, in fact, pursued by many Boards of Guardians.—Yours, etc.,

J. C. PRINGLE
(*Assistant Secretary to the Council of the Charity Organisation Society*).

THE SOCIALISATION OF INDUSTRY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Allow me to appeal to Mr. Chiozza Money for enlightenment. What does he mean by the frustration of industry recorded by the Census of Production? Does he mean that under the present system of private capitalist production the workpeople do too little work or that the demand for glasswares, for instance, is not met with corresponding production? I cannot imagine Mr. Money an advocate of duties on imports, and can only suppose that he believes that management of the glass trade by a body of salaried civil servants would lead to improvements sufficient to check foreign competition. If so, he is a remarkably sanguine man.

Mr. Money takes as the text for his article the "serious proposal" of the Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation that the American Government should take control of that Corporation and all other "Trusts" and "be charged with the determination of production and prices." Is it not conceivable that this proposal is "serious" only in a very limited way? Is it not a challenge to the high-minded President of the United States and to advocates of nationalisation of industries—a challenge to test the strength of belief in the doctrines of Socialists and in their readiness to accept the stupendous responsibilities in which the livelihood and welfare of so many hundreds of thousands of workpeople are involved?

Mr. Money sets the question whether he is arguing a *reductio ad absurdum* in comparing the distribution of milk with the distribution of gas and water and the conveyance of sewage as fit objects for monopolisation, and, of course, answers himself in the negative, and he proceeds to compare train fares with the cost of milk and coal. Like cannot be compared with unlike, and I fear Mr. Money will have to look for support to men such as A. G., the writer of the article in the same issue on "The Future of National Insurance." A. G. is a Friendly Society official advocating the transfer of Friendly Insurance Societies to the Government and a Government crusade against industrial life assurance companies. To point his argument, A. G. compares the wide range of percentages (13 to 43 per cent.) of premium income absorbed in management by companies of presumably different magnitude and working in different fields, and he proceeds to compare the cost of policies issued by these companies with those issued by the Post Office and large Friendly Societies. Whether the insurance business conducted by the Post Office and Friendly Societies is on as sound a financial basis as that of the industrial companies is not free from doubt; at any rate there has been no outcry that the companies sweat their employees, such as that raised by the Post Office officials charged with new duties under Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Act. Consequently the comparison is inapt. It is all very well to dream of the benevolent intentions of Socialist reformers, but in practice those intentions do not always pan out. In Australia, under a Labour *regime*, Old Age Pensions have come into force, and the Federal Government charged with the business delegates its duties to the State Governments, with an allowance for administration expenses; but the State Governments take that allowance into General Revenue and have no compunction in making a profit out of it by thrusting the work upon magistrates and other officials without adding a penny to their salaries!

In another contribution to THE NEW STATESMAN this week Mr. Money compares the periods in which warships and houses become obsolete, and I am tempted to use the derisive comment employed by him in his article, but I have too high an opinion of his earnestness to give way to the temptation.—Yours, etc.,

P. H. HAYNES.

Wimbledon, September 29th.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC AND THE ETHICS OF OWNERSHIP

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Belloc has given us a very interesting column and a quarter, but has not shown us where he stands as to the precise point raised by my former letter—viz., that, as he obviously believes in the rightness of exploitation and in the wrongness of over-exploitation, where would he draw and how would he keep the line?

For the good of society, ownership of property in the means of production is to be restricted as to amount, but ownership is to be allowed to "very many severally" rather than to all collectively. These will consequently be in the enjoyment of economic freedom. Will Mr. Belloc tell us whether there would or should be a considerable range of degrees of ownership? If so, whether there will be degrees of freedom; if not, does he see any practical method of keeping the several ownerships level in "effectiveness"?

A still more puzzling point is what is to be the condition or status of the balance—the non-owners—other than that of servitude. Mr. Belloc believes in the morality of exploitation in accord with a necessary "moral criterion," and this moral criterion I understand to be a proper balance established between a recognised "standard of effective desire of accumulation and a recognised standard of subsistence."

I quite agree that an accumulation of "means" is not only essential but inevitable, but it seems to me that the "particular society concerned" with a recognised standard of subsistence is practically certain to decide that the standard shall be such as to absorb all that would be available outside the accumulation necessities. And why not? Does Mr. Belloc assume that the moral criterion would demand an accumulation for the express purposes of immediate or future individual exploitation? Surely the interests of the vast majority would be opposed to accumulation with such an object, and the commonly accepted moral criterion would demand its elimination, and would not attempt an impossible agreement between the two.

I frankly challenge the postulate that in a healthily constituted State there will be personal possessors of accumulated product, and that these possessors will willingly be allowed to draw service from others for the use thereof. And some of the reasons are:—

1. That these accumulations are almost entirely social products.
2. That, even on the personal side, the power to accumulate, either by extra-clever personal industry or clever organisation of others' activity, is a gift of previous generations, and is also almost entirely a social product.
3. That, generally speaking, the individual character suffers rather than profits by the use of such power, whether inherited or acquired.
4. That no *real* human interests are necessarily in conflict, much though the fancied interests are.
5. That the healthy-minded individual obtains greater satisfaction from conscious service of the community than from exploitation of the individual; that this is in accord with the nature of man much more than is the present false ethical basis upon which we rest our prevalent justification of exploitation, or the unlevel pull.—Yours, etc.,

J. HAWKES.

Maidstone, September 21st.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Surely Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in his letter upon the ethics of ownership, is talking in a rather unpractical manner. To decide first whether private property in the means of production is or is not moral, and then on the assumption that it is moral to divide the total product between labour and capital, is to discuss the matter from quite the wrong end. For what is morality? If morality is to have any meaning at all it must convey a judging by results; that method of owning the means of production is the most moral which produces the best results—which produces the healthiest and happiest human society. For there is no such thing as absolute moral or absolute immoral; morality, like freedom, is a matter of degree. Similarly, absolute public ownership of all property is impossible, just as absolute private ownership of all property is impossible. There must always be some property publicly owned, unless we intend to leave to the tender mercies of the capitalist the providing of our streets and of our sewers, and to allow contractors to compete for the right to provide our Navy. There must always be some private property, unless we intend that a man shall pay rent to his municipality for the right to use his penknife or his trousers. What we have to do is to strike that balance between private and public ownership which will produce the best results and reduce preventible human pain and human misery to a minimum.

To Socialists this balance will only be struck when the vast majority of the means of production are in the hands of the State, so that the product of each industry will be divided between the workers in that industry and the State as a whole. If Socialists are right in their belief that this will lead to the best results, then this will be the most moral form of ownership. But the question of the morality of the forms of ownership can only be decided when it is known which form will lead to the healthiest state of the people as a whole.

Mr. Belloc boldly suggests a return to mediæval conditions of life. His ideal seems to be a stable, changeless state, where the property is fairly equally distributed among a large number of the inhabitants. He condemns the Socialist State as being not realisable in human society. Yet it is his ideal that is not realisable; when a society has passed through a certain stage of development, which England passed through about the middle of the eighteenth century, the stable, mediæval distribution of property becomes impossible. By what means the state of affairs is to be pushed back to that of mediæval days, above all by what means it is to be kept there if that condition could once be reached, Mr. Belloc has, so far, failed to explain. But, year by year, the Socialist State becomes not only more realisable but more realised.—Yours, etc.,

J. L. WILKINSON.

Ipswich, September 23rd.

THE PRESERVATION OF WILD BIRDS IN THE TROPICS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Living in a land of birds of gorgeous plumage, I could not fail to be interested in the article on "The Trade in Wild Birds," by Mr. Bensusan, in your issue of August 9th.

I should have been still more interested had he mentioned the names of some of the birds which are in danger of extermination. For, in my opinion—and I confess my experience is limited to a small part only of Tropical Africa—there appears to be no evidence that any species is in danger of racial extinction. Tropical birds which at home are regarded as rare occur in enormous numbers in this part of Africa. I would instance the aigrette. Huge flocks of these birds can be seen at certain times of year even in the neighbourhood of large towns. I have seen hundreds on a lagoon two miles from the town I am living in, and the patient efforts of the native or the more successful guns of the white man make no appreciable difference to their numbers. Other instances are met with in the Cardinal bird and the Clock bird, and many others even more beautiful, which are found everywhere in countless numbers.

Perhaps I cannot hope to allay all Mr. Bensusan's fears of extinction of certain species of birds, but I would like to point out that, though it might be possible, given specially favourable circumstances, to exterminate certain species of English birds, I regard it as wholly impossible to extinguish any *tropical* species, with the exception perhaps of the ostrich; indeed, I do not believe the efforts of *man* to reduce the numbers of one or more species would be appreciable over a large area. Here, at any rate, the slaughter of beautiful birds for hats is insignificant beside the colossal slaughter by Natural Selection acting through the agency of beasts and birds of prey, the climate, etc.—Yours, etc.,

MEDICAL OFFICER.

Gold Coast, September 6th.

WOMEN AND RELIGION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—In an interesting article on the Prospects of French Feminism in THE NEW STATESMAN for September 20th it is suggested that in France "men are returning to a Church which the women have deserted—a curious reversal of the normal process."

I should like to point out that the idea of religion being in any sense "women's sphere" is quite modern, dating from the period when science struck at the foundations of the Church which men had builded. In earlier days men held that "physiologically" it was impossible for women to be truly religious. This belief is strongly developed in the Mahometan religion. In the Christian Church a party defended the advanced feminist position shown in the Gospel until the third century, when the defeated advocates of

women wrote *The Sorrows of Sophia*, or, as it is generally called, Pistis Sophia. In this book (I quote from the Preface to the Odes and Psalms of Solomon, by Rendel Harris) "Peter complains that the women talk too much and that the men don't get a chance; and Mary complains that Peter hates our sex and wants to suppress us. Jesus mediates gently between them; advises Mary to make place for the brethren; but when the dispute breaks out again, Jesus definitely takes the side of the women, and Peter is suppressed."

Once women had been ejected from all positions of authority in the Church, the male intelligence was free to pursue its fancy unchecked into the dreary domain of dogmatic theology and to stain what they were pleased to call religion with bloodshed and torture. This result of the separation of men from women is perhaps alluded to in a quotation made by your reviewer from Dr. Gray's book on *Public Schools and the Empire*. Dr. Gray writes: "The male unconsciously radiates certain waves of electricity which, if they remain unabsorbed, tend to maintain and develop masculine energy, but which if in constant contact with opposing waves of electricity diffused by the other sex become equally and unconsciously absorbed thereby."

Probably the masculine edifice of dogma never deeply interested women, for whom religion is an experience or emotion only expressible in a mystic or artistic way. Hence their faith was not shaken when the theological structure tumbled down, though theological terms have been used by them in an imitative way, consciously or unconsciously, to please the men they loved.

Judging from your article, the world appears to-day much the same to the Intelligent Young Woman in France as it does in England. Her personal experience forces her into an attitude of uncompromising criticism towards all authority, and she soon finds herself to be in the position of Melchizedek, that mysterious personage who was without father, without mother, without descent, without beginning of days or end of life. She discovers that she is indeed without tradition, the women who preceded her having passed through life silently, leaving no record for her guidance, and the wisdom of men having little connection with her experience. The twentieth century is not decadent for her; her feet are not set in old, worn ways; not one of her emotions has yet found its adequate expression. Life is before her, an untrodden, uncharted wonderland.

I ask if the freedom which is coming will enable women to express themselves at last, or can it be true, as Professor Rémond with such complacency assured us in the July number of the *English Review*, that language is the attribute of the male, and that, therefore, self-expression will for ever be physiologically impossible for a woman. Will the inheritance which a daughter can receive from her mother be never more than the capacity for a pure and vivid perception of reality?—Yours, etc.,

ALICE CLARK.

1, Barton Street, Westminster.

WAGES BOARDS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—In your issue of to-day's date you refer to the success of these Boards in Victoria, where "practically every trade" has its Board. Are you of opinion that this would be possible if the Victorian Government had adopted the policy of Free Trade instead of that of Protection?—Yours, etc.,

A CONSTANT READER.

September 20th.

[Certainly we are. We may add, however, that if in any particular case, in order to prevent the temporary dislocation of an industry where a large increase of wages was called for, an import duty were shown to be necessary, we should have no doctrinaire objections to offer to its imposition. But we anticipate no such necessity.—ED. N.S.]

Miscellany

MY NEIGHBOUR'S BIRD STORIES

WE sometimes make mistakes, and I fancy I made one about my neighbour, Mr. Redburn, when I formed the conclusion that I had no use for him. I was just then birding at an East coast village, and when engaged on that business I look for some interest in the subject that absorbs me, some bird lore, in those I meet and converse with. If they are without it, they are negligible persons; and Mr. Redburn, a retired bank manager and a widower, living alone in a house opposite my lodgings, fell quite naturally into this category. A kindly man with friendly feelings towards a stranger, one it was pleasant to talk with, but unfortunately he knew nothing about birds.

One day we met a mile from the village, he out for a constitutional and I returning from a prowl; and as he seemed inclined to have a talk, we sat down on a green bank at the roadside and got out our pipes.

"You are always after birds," he said, "and I know so little about them!" Then to prove how little he knew of their ways and wants, he related the history of a thrush he once kept in a cage hanging at the back of his house, where there was a garden and where he amused himself by cultivating flowers and vegetables. The bird had been taken from the nest and reared by hand; consequently it had never learnt to sing a true thrush song, but had invented a song of its own composed of imitations—cackling fowls, whistling boys, and various other village noises, including those from the smithy. The village postman, who lived close by, had a peculiar shrill double whistle which he always emitted when nearing his house, to bring his wife to the door. This sound, too, the thrush mimicked so cleverly that poor Mrs. Postman was always running to the door for nothing, and at length had to beg her husband to invent some other sound to announce his approach.

Seeing that the bird was always cheerful and noisy, it was a puzzle to Mr. Redburn that it never looked well. It was supplied with clean water and good food—bread and milk and crushed rape seed—every day; but it never seemed to enjoy its food, and its plumage had a dry, loose, disarranged appearance, and was without a gloss. It was a perfect contrast in this respect to a wild thrush that used to visit the garden.

One day, when the bird had been in his possession for a little over a year, he happened to be sitting in his garden smoking, when this wild thrush came on the scene and began running about the lawn looking for something to eat. By chance he noticed that his thrush in its cage was watching the wild bird intently. Presently the bird on the lawn spied a worm which had incautiously put its head out of its hole, and dashed at and seized it, then began tugging away until it pulled it out, after which it proceeded to kill and devour it with a good appetite. The caged bird had watched all this with increasing excitement, which culminated when the worm was killed and swallowed.

"Now, I wonder if he wants a worm too?" said Mr. Redburn to himself, and getting up he took a spade and dug up two big worms, which he placed in the cage as an experiment; and no sooner did the thrush see than he flew at and killed and devoured them as if mad with hunger. Every day after that he dug up a few worms for his thrush, and the sight of him with a spade in his hand would always start the bird hopping wildly about his cage.

As a result of this addition to its diet the thrush in due time took on a brighter, glossier coat.

Mr. Redburn had congratulated himself on having made a happy discovery—happy for his thrush. It had taken him a year of twelve months, but he had never made the more important discovery, which it appeared to me he had come so near making, that the one and only way to give perfect happiness to your captive thrush is to open the cage and let him fly to find worms for himself, and to get a mate, and with her assistance build a deep nest in a holly bush and be the parent of five beautiful gem-like blue eggs spotted with black.

The only other bird he had ever possessed was a jackdaw, a charming fellow, full of fun, with uncut wings so that he

was free to go and come at will; but he was a home-loving bird, very affectionate, though loving mischief too, and never happier than when his indulgent master allowed him to use his head as a perch.

One day when Mr. Redburn was busy in his study, his little daughter, aged seven, came crying to him to complain that Jack was plaguing her so! He wanted to pull the buttons off her shoes, and because she wouldn't let him, he pecked her ankles and it hurt her so and made her cry. He gave her his stick and told her, with a laugh, to give Jack a good smart rap on the head with it and that would make him behave himself. He never for a moment imagined that such a clever, quick bird as Jack would allow himself to be struck by a little girl with a long walking-stick; nevertheless this incredible thing happened, and the stick actually came down on Jack's head, and the child screamed, and, running to her, he found her crying and Jack lying to all appearance dead on the floor! They took him up tenderly and examined him and said he was really and truly dead, and then tenderly, sorrowfully, put him down again. All at once, to their astonishment and delight, he opened his mischievous little grey eyes and looked at his friends standing over him. Then he got up on his legs and began rocking his head from side to side, after which he shook his feathers two or three times; then tried to scratch his poll with his claw, but didn't succeed. He was in a queer state and didn't know what had happened to him; but he soon recovered, and was just as fond of his little playmate as ever, although he never again attempted to pull her buttons off or peck her ankles.

Some time after this Jack disappeared for a day or two, and was brought back by a boy of the village, who was warmly thanked and rewarded with a few pence. From that day every little boy who was so lucky as to find Jack out of bounds, and could catch him, expected a gratuity on taking him to the house; and as the little boys were all very poor and hungry for sweets, they were perpetually on the look-out for Jack and went about with something in their ragged little pockets to entice him into their cottages. Every day Jack was lost and found again, until the good man, who was not rich, concluded that he could not afford to keep so expensive a pet; and so Jack was given to a gentleman who had a pet daw of his own and wanted another. In his new home he had nice large grounds with big trees, and Jack with a chum of his own tribe was very happy until his end, which came very suddenly. The two birds roosted side by side together on a tall tree near the house, and one summer night this tree was struck by lightning; next morning the two birds were found lying dead at the roots.

My neighbour had one more bird story, the best of all, to tell, and this about rooks, the only wild birds he had ever observed with the object of finding out something about their habits. There was a small rookery in some elm-trees growing at the bottom of the garden of the house he then lived in, and the way the birds went on during nest-building time moved his curiosity to such a degree that one Sunday morning he resolved to give the whole day to a careful inquiry into the domestic affairs of these black neighbours. No doubt, he thought, they were subject to a law or custom which enabled them to exist in a community, living and rearing their young in nests placed close together. Nevertheless it was evident that it was not an ideal society and that the noise was not due merely to animal spirits, as in the case of a lot of boys out of school; there was a great deal of scolding and quarrelling, and from time to time a mighty hubbub, as if the entire colony had suddenly been seized with an angry excitement. What occasioned these outbursts? It was just to try to find this out that he planted himself in a chair near the trees on that Sunday morning. The nearest tree contained one nest only, a new one not yet finished, and eventually he thought it best to concentrate his attention on this point and watch the movements of the one pair of birds. He had quickly found that it only worried and confused him to keep a watch on the movements and actions of several birds and their nests. The two birds he attended to went and came, sometimes together, then first one and then the other, and sometimes one would remain at the nest during the absence of its mate. This went on for about three hours and nothing unusual happened at the nest; at other points of the rookery there were little storms of noise and some shindies, but he was determined not to let his attention wander from his two birds. At length he was rewarded by seeing one of the pair fly to an unguarded nest about thirty yards away on a neighbouring tree and deliberately pull out a stick which it brought back and carefully adjusted in its own nest. By and by the two birds who had been robbed returned together, and immediately appeared to be aware that something was wrong with their home. Standing on the nest, they put their heads together, fluttering their wings and cawing excitedly, and presently they were joined by others, and others still, until almost the entire colony was congregated on the tree, all making a great noise. After two or three minutes they began to quarrel among themselves and there were angry blows with beaks and wings, after which the tumult subsided and the company broke up, every pair going back to its own nest. After that comparative peace and quiet continued for some time, but Mr. Redburn now noticed that one bird always remained on guard on the nest where the stick had been stolen. His two birds quietly continued to work and go and come, and by and by, about two hours after the commotion, they both flew away to the fields together, and no sooner were they gone than the bird they had robbed, keeping guard on his tree, flew straight to the nest they had left and after what appeared like a careful examination took hold of a stick and tugged vigorously until he succeeded in pulling it out. With the stick in his beak he flew back to his nest and proceeded to adjust it in the fabric.

What would happen now, Mr. Redburn asked, when the dishonest couple came back and discovered that they had been deprived of their loot? He watched for their return with keen interest, and by and by they came, and, to his astonishment, nothing happened. They settled on their nest, looked it over in the usual way to see that it was as they had left it, but made no fuss. Like Marjory Fleming's vicar's daughter in exceedingly trying circumstances:

> They were most uncommon calm,
> They never said a single—*caw*.

The most remarkable thing in all this affair was, to Mr. Redburn's mind, that the robbed birds appeared to know so well who the thief was and where the stick could be looked for.

To me it was remarkable that my neighbour, who "knew nothing about birds," had yet, in one day's watching, succeeded in seeing something which throws a stronger light on the law of the rookery than any single observation contained in the ornithological books.

In this case, as he relates it, the robbed birds appeared to know very well who the culprits were among their neighbours. Why, then, were the robbers not attacked, and, seeing that they waited their time and went quietly and recovered their own, why all that preliminary fuss? It sometimes happens, we know, that the entire rookery becomes infuriated against a particular pair; that in such cases they fall upon and demolish the nest and in extreme cases expel the offenders from the rookery. I take it that such attacks are made only on the incorrigible ones, those that obtain all their materials by thieving and so make themselves a

nuisance in the community. It seems probable that in this instance the colony, although excited at the news of the robbery and the outcry made by the victimised pair, declined to take too serious a view of the matter, and after some discussion and quarrelling left the angry couple to manage their own affairs. We may think, too, that in a majority of cases an occasional offence is condoned among birds that have a social law, but do not observe it very strictly. Thus, at home, the rook is a stealer of sticks when the occasion offers, and a wooer of his neighbour's wife when his neighbour is out of the way. Too severe a code would not do; it would, in fact, upset the whole community, and rooks would have to go and live like carrion crows, each pair by itself. At all events, in this instance we see that only after the angry outcry made by the victims had failed to bring about an attack they quietly waited their opportunity to recover their property. Then the meek way in which the robbers took it appears to show that they too understood the whole business very well indeed. They were in a dangerous position and were quite ready to lose what they had taken and say no more about it.

W. H. HUDSON.

THIS WORLD

WHO dreams a sweeter life than this,
To stand and stare, when at this fence,
Back into those dumb creatures' eyes,
And think we have their innocence—
Our looks as open as the skies.

Lambs with their legs and noses black,
Whose woolly necks, so soft and white,
Can take away the children's breath;
Who'd strangle them in their delight—
And calves they'd worry half to death.

This world's too full of those dull men
Who ne'er advance from that first state
Which opens mouth before the eye;
Who, when they think of dumb things, rate
Them by the body's gluttony.

W. H. DAVIES.

AN INSIDE PASSENGER

THE September day was ending. The higher chimney-pots caught the last orange rays of the declining sun, and the darkening trees and fields were still drowsy with remembered heat. The usual aimless Sunday crowds stood about the village street and around the porches of the public-houses; parents with circles of small children, groups of young men and women, all apparently undecided as to the hour of their return to town. If they did not take one 'bus they would take the next; meanwhile they chaffed each other or stared around them. It would have been quite pleasant indeed to stand there until the day was completely gone. The white houses would turn blue in the afterlight; the street lamps one after another would show their calm green radiance against the faint sky; and then, in a little while, the victory of the night, serene but a little melancholy, would be complete. But we had to return and could not wait.

The 'bus was already full outside, but there was room inside on the left hand near the door. Others pressed close behind us and in a few seconds the vehicle was full and had started on its long road to town. The passengers were mostly of the usual holiday type, chattering and full of spirit; their faces were red and smiling, and some of them carried flowers. But in the opposite corner, next the entrance, sat an old man whom only some unrelated chance could have brought into such a company.

He was a short, broad, bowed old man in shabby black clothes and an old felt hat, beneath the brim of which projected a thin circlet of grey hairs. The modelling of his face had in it something indefinably old-fashioned. His dim eyes looked straight in front of him, not sightless, but unseeing; his nose was an irregular mass of flesh, his mouth a deep furrow heavily pitted at the ends; and every inch of his face, which was hairless, was covered with hundreds of little wrinkles and red streaks. He sat there, bending forward, his large knotted hands folded upon the bone handle of an ancient umbrella; his expression was neither sullen nor pathetic, but merely neutral, and there passed through his head thoughts known only to himself. One would certainly have said that he was not far from death; and as we rumbled along the roads of the outer suburbs I could not help staring, in the deepening twilight, at that countenance, so full, in spite of its grotesqueness, of dignity and import.

The conductor came to dispense tickets. He was a brisk young man with facetious eyes and a neat moustache. Going up one side and down the other—for this is one of the two alternative ways of performing that operation—he reached the old man last. He whisked his bundle of tickets smartly. "Where for?" he asked. The passenger slowly worked his thick finger into the pocket of his wrinkled waistcoat and drew out a coin; glancing weakly up for an instant only—"I want to go to London," he said, in a high-pitched mumble. "*Where* d'you want to go?" repeated the conductor, with some surprise piercing through the resignation of one who had had to deal with many curious "fares," though with none who had behaved in quite this manner. The old man's eyes were now again fixed in front of him. "I want to go to London," he said again mechanically. A girl next him giggled to her young man. "But *where?*" asked the conductor, throwing a look of jocular hopelessness along the 'bus. "We goes," he said, as though speaking to a stupid child, "to Richmond, and we goes to 'Ammersmith, an' to Slo' Square, an' Westminister, an' Charing Crorse and Liverpool Street. Is it Charing Crorse you want to get out at?" The old fellow had nothing to add. An evanescent look of tired protest crossed his face and his fingers moved on the umbrella. "I want to go to London," he said. The conductor sighed, took his money and handed him a ticket and some change, and then passed outside, giving us with eyebrows and thumb a signal which plainly said "Barmy!"

For the rest of our journey the old man sat opposite us looking through us into something we could not guess, his gnarled hands folded on the handle of his umbrella. He did not move when people got in and got out; he heard no word of what was being said around him. What storms, I wondered vaguely, had beaten upon this old

man, what deserts of monotony had he traversed; who were his parents and his friends; had he had children; where did he live and what this very day were the starting-place and the destination of this huddled and worn-out creature who showed so unusual an ignorance of the route upon which he was travelling? It had grown dark. Lights and shadows from the lamps flickered across his face, but his features never moved. He did not look mad; was he really quite unacquainted with the journey, or was he merely deep in some overpowering pre-occupation? Where had he spent that beautiful day of early autumn? Was it merely that he was a townsman, broken by generations of toil, who had gone out this Sunday—on a pilgrimage perhaps to some rural cemetery—and had been so exhausted by his exertions that his brain failed to respond to the most elementary question and could only register his vague single desire to return home? Had some great trouble come over him an hour ago? Or was he—incredible supposition—some poor countryman into whose aged head had suddenly come a fantastic intention to see London once before he died and whose feet had led him to the capital by this most unaccustomed path? There, on his brows and cheeks and mouth, though no reflection of present feeling shone through them, was the record of countless thoughts and experiences, but in a cipher to which there was no key. There was no clue in his garments or in his weak, steady eyes or in the set weariness of his face. The occupants of the seats next him changed again and again; he remained unconscious of his neighbours' concerns, thinking or dreaming of something remote or, possibly, of nothing at all—a monument of passive exhaustion. For an hour or more we ran on, past rows of villas and shops, through crowded and brilliantly lit centres of traffic. He was still in his corner when we got out, and the 'bus rattled away towards the City.

Is it not strange that the memory of so trivial a thing can remain unobliterated after ten years?

In the normal course of nature that old man will have been dead long ago and I shall never know the reason of his dumbness and his vagueness, or why he was making that journey, or what sorrows had crowded upon his head. I shall never know when he died or the manner of his dying. Even at the end of the journey, when the 'bus rounded the corner in front of Liverpool Street Station, the conductor, still puzzled at the stupidity of "fares," may have stepped in to shake his arm and found him with eyes glazed and chin on chest and hands relaxed; arrived at the heart of London, but dead. Or he may have died in his family with grandchildren around him; or in a solitary tenement in a block where he had lived for years, and no one knew his name; or on a seat in some quiet public garden; or under an archway at night. At some hour of some winter or summer day men touched him for the last time. He was put into a coffin and lies mute under the ground, no longer a human shape; or perhaps his abandoned body was taken to a cold white room in a hospital to be dissected and demonstrated upon for the benefit of mankind. It is possible that I alone, of all the many millions on the earth, remember him; and possible also that this memory has left upon me effects which I, in my turn, with an unconsciousness equal to his, shall pass on to people known and unknown, and which, like a spreading circle on a pond, will run down through the race until time ends.

It is again a fine autumn day. The leaves have all gone from the poplars, but the willows are still green and graceful in the sun, which is warm on the distant walls of the further bank and sparkles lightly on the racing ripples of the incoming tide. But I, remembering that old man, stare at the sunlight on a white piece of paper and scarcely notice the landscape. For all vivid recollections of things gone over, memories of people and places one has seen, of departed passions and sentiments, of fine days and rainy days, of things pleasant and things sorrowful, of hatred and early love and death, lead to the same tranquil procession of thoughts; and in these meditations all material things melt unresisting away.

J. C. SQUIRE.

Art and Drama

THE KAISER FRIEDRICH MUSEUM

A FAINT echo, as it were, of the scares alleged to have been occasioned by the increase in the naval and military armaments of Germany has from time to time resounded from the courts of art. The opening of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin and the laudable efforts of its Director to render it worthy of its station by filling up some of the numerous gaps in its equipment were followed by a series of perceptible tremors in the crust of the art world, resulting upon more than one occasion in a definite outburst following upon seismic rumblings in the press. Culminating a year or two ago in a more than usually loud explosion (or may I say bust?), the report of which was heard throughout the civilised portions of the globe, but which happily resulted in the loss of no life and of only one reputation, these eruptions have temporarily ceased; and the time is accordingly favourable for a brief survey of the grounds on which the supposition might conceivably arise that the German gallery is within anything like measurable distance of eclipsing the glories of our own.

Confining ourselves to the pictures, which are agreeably mingled with *bildwerke* and other objects of art to their mutual advantage, we may say at once that there is no cause for alarm. It is certainly galling to think that the beautiful little ***St. John the Baptist*** by Geertgen tot Sint Jans should have been picked up in England for £3 10s. and sold to Germany a few years ago for £1,000. But considering the recent additions to our own collection during this century, we need not grudge an occasional success of this sort to our cousins. We might more readily deplore their failure to snap up the Malahide "Hals," which would have saved us £25,000 and an expanse of wall space that might be better utilised. The dispersion of the Solly collection in London in 1821 was a greater blow to us, but that was so long ago that we can afford to treat it as a bygone; we might almost persuade ourselves at this distance of time that it was a graceful concession on our part in consideration of services rendered by the Prussians half a dozen years earlier in the field of arms. Let us remember that it was to the battle of Waterloo that we owe our superb Jan van Eyck—John Arnolfini and his wife—which Major-General Hay discovered in the rooms of a French officer who had brought it out of Spain. This should soften the loss of the Ghent altarpiece by Hubert and Jan van Eyck; and perhaps we may have some more luck at Armageddon.

On paper the strength of the Solly collection is appalling. Between sixty and seventy of the most considerable Italian masters are represented by at least one picture; Mantegna, Botticelli, Francia, Mazzolini, and Daddi by three, Cima by four, and Giovanni Bellini by five. All are not first-rate examples, it is true, or in the best possible condition; but if the Solly collection were in the market to-day, the National Art Collections Fund would have the most strenuous week in the whole course of its hitherto short existence, and the shades of dead collectors would re-thicken the crowded atmosphere of Christie's. Several items we should be bound to bid for, irrespective of their actual or potential value, to fill up some gaps in our own collection. One or two may be mentioned: Holbein's half-length portrait of George Gisze standing at his table; this was purchased by Mr. Solly for sixty guineas and—but let us pass on. The large altarpiece by Luigi Vivarini, the Madonna enthroned with six saints, which is not vaingloriously claimed by the catalogue as the master's *hauptwerk*, of his middle period. The somewhat smaller altarpiece erected in the "Basilica" on the ground floor would look quite as well at South Kensington.

A little head and shoulders of a young lady of the Talbot family, by Petrus Cristus, in a black cap and dark blue dress. We have only one very small head of a man by this artist, from the Manfrini collection, and another somewhat larger bequeathed by Mr. Salting. Berlin has several other examples besides portraits, notably the wings of an altarpiece, purchased at Augsburg in 1850, and a *Madonna* from Lord Exeter.

The large tondo, the ***Venus***, and the ***St. Sebastian*** by Botticelli would prove too much for the national or even the individual pocket; as we are not entirely deficient in the works of Botticelli, we might be content with the first-mentioned, and let the others go. To tell the truth, it is exceedingly difficult to appreciate most of these pictures as one feels one would like to, because of the impossibility of seeing them in a good light. Only the smaller pictures which are in the side galleries, with the light of heaven flowing straight in upon them, are plainly visible; the large inner rooms, lighted from the top only, are plunged in gloom. On a cloudy day it is difficult to see the pictures comfortably, on a dark day impossible.

Outside the Solly collection, too, there are gems here and there which we should like to have; but most of these are not recent acquisitions. The superb full-length of the Marchesa Geronima Spinola, by Van Dyck, acquired in 1904, was a gift. The French and English pictures, which together barely fill a small room allotted to them—possibly another reminiscence of Waterloo—are not worth talking about. From the Spanish room, next door, that popular hero, Alessandro del Borro, has already been removed to the realms of the *unbekannten* (I *do* so hope that is right), and there is not much that we need crave for besides the two real Velasquez portraits—those of the woman from Lord Dudley's collection and of Marianne of Austria. I know there is a boom being engineered in Spanish pictures, but I do not feel called upon to admit that it has reached my ears till next week—at all events during the holidays.

In the earlier schools of Northern Europe it might naturally be expected that Berlin would be comparatively rich, and this may fairly be allowed. If we in England are more susceptible to the genius of Holbein, it is chiefly because he made England his home; of Dürer and Cranach we are singularly heedless. The last-named is exceptionally well represented at Berlin, and well repays a little more study than is popularly accorded to him. Of the earliest Netherlandish painters there is a rich abundance, and we can here delight in making the acquaintance o Albert Ouwater in the only known example of his work, th extraordinarily beautiful and interesting ***Raising of Lazarus*** Jan van Eyck's ***Man with the Pinks*** is perilously nearly as fascinating as the Arnolfini portraits—one of which hangs beside it. Roger Van der Weyden, Gerard David, Isenbrandt, Simon Marmion, and Memling may all be studied here in examples which make the absence of Van der Goes more conspicuous. Of the Dutch and later Flemish schools, without counting the twenty-six examples of both Rembrandt and Rubens, there are some especially delectable pieces. Adrian Brouwer's landscape given by Dr. Bode in 1907 must have been one of those which inspired Gainsborough. It is a gem. Frans Hals' ***Nurse and Child*** is one of his very best. Then there is a Jan Steen, in which the principal figure is clothed in blue, and there is no vermilion; and Terboch's ***Familie des Schleifers***, with the figures grouped in the backyard, and not, for once, inside the house. Space forbids me to mention more.

Titian's ***Lavinia***, with the basket of fruit, not the Baptist's head, is the only one ascribed to that master which we need covet. The Strozzi child and the self-portrait are singularly disappointing. The same may be said of the portrait of a young man ascribed to Giorgione. Caravaggio, two of whose most brilliant pieces are now skied, will have his turn later on, when we shall doubtless see them on the line. Correggio's ***Leda***, and the Solly, Terranuova, Colonna, and Diotalevi ***Madonnas*** of Raphael, are neither last nor least; but in enumerating a few of the greater glories of the museum it is reassuring to find how few of them have been acquired in recent years. So long as the burden of armaments engrosses the Germans, and the Americans are content with a few of the hundreds of English portraits that were painted in the later part of the eighteenth century, there is still a chance of our inheriting or purchasing the masterpieces which hang secure from observation in some of the stately homes of England.

RANDALL DAVIES.

ROYALTY THEATRE: *THE INTERLOPERS.*

MR. HARWOOD'S comedy has an idea in it and it tells a story. It is also admirably acted and produced. The story is an old one: the rivalry of two different women, the mother-type and the mistress-type, in an average man's affections. He has been married to the former about ten years and has two children; he goes off with the latter and returns in the end to his wife. Mr. Harwood's play is not an original one in the sense of suggesting new conceptions of human nature or of this familiar situation; but it is the work of a man who has understood better than most who have written about marriage and contributed to the distracted debate upon the relation of the sexes, the real complexity of such questions. And, wonder of wonders, the play as a play goes on getting better and better. Instead of the first act being the best, as is nearly always the case in first plays, the second is a little better than it, the third much better than the second, and the last far and away the best of all. This scene is written with insight into the nature of the two women, and it is extremely well interpreted by Miss Evelyn Weeden, the mother, and by Miss Miriam Lewes, the mistress. I have only seen Miss Miriam Lewes act four times; on each occasion I have been prompted to say that she is one of the best actresses in London. The moment she gets a part which hits the popular imagination she will go straight up to the top of her profession. The danger is

XUM

that, being one of the few women who can make passion interesting, and these parts being usually written with an extreme banality, her admirable sense of character and her intensity will be perpetually sacrificed to the *rôle* of the conventional temptress and adventuress. Mr. Dennis Eadie is in danger, too, of wasting half his abilities. His attractively fastidious, dry, rapid utterance; his faculty of representing a detached, self-indulgent character and making him sympathetic; his personality, which makes the witty comment seem natural on his lips, must tempt him to narrow his scope. These qualities enable him to play parts like Peter in this play, or Thompson in St. John Hankin's amusing posthumous comedy, or the Perfect Lover, with such easy accomplishment that I can well imagine him becoming the Sir George Alexander of the intellectual drama.

Mr. Harwood's play is a protest against regarding marriage merely as a department of the woman's question. It is obvious, one would have thought, that it is a man's question too; but ever since *A Doll's House* the most effective attacks upon marriage have been made in the name of woman, and when marriage has been defended it has been from the masculine point of view. One might really conclude from the utterances of "advanced" women and "unadvanced" men that marriage was an institution founded by the egotism of men for the advantage of the male, instead of being, as it essentially is, an institution which tends to rectify the disproportionate burden which Nature lays upon woman in the function of continuing the race. Reformers woke up a few years ago to the importance of the baby, and being temperamentally, as reformers always are, more inclined to regard everything from the point of view of having value *as a means* than as having, as the case may be, more or less value in itself, they exalted the baby as the rational end of existence. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that some of these race maniacs discussed social and moral questions in the spirit of one who regards human beings, their passions, their thoughts, their joys, their sufferings, their inventions, their art, merely as a baby's way of making other babies. Of all the desolate views of man's life on this planet, the reduction of it to a vista, stretching endlessly into the future, of a chain of mewling infants is the most heart-damping and absurd. If ever there was a view of life which might be reckoned on to stop people having children at all, it is one which insists that the moment the poor little creatures come into the heritage of the ages they ought to find their *raison d'être* in producing in their turn other pink insignificant larvæ. Of course the race must be continued, guarded, and cared for, but the end is the flower and not the seed; and the opinions of those who do not always remember that (though, like the worst extravagances of faith and speculation, they may conceivably act as antidotes to their nonsensical opposites in the simmering, bubbling broth of discussion on which we all are nourished) cannot be worth a button as a philosophy of life.

One of the corollaries to this point of view is the glorification of maternity. Mr. Harwood tilts against this. But the woman's movement is a protest against women being regarded primarily as mothers or mistresses instead of human beings, and those who glorify motherhood as the first attribute of woman are working against the movement as much as those who uphold "the lovely bauble" ideal. I have always thought *Man and Superman*, for instance, to be in effect a most powerful anti-woman's-movement pamphlet. "He for God only, she for God in him" might stand as a motto to it. What is the use of educating Ann or giving her the vote or anything else? She can spot her Tanner without having the smallest understanding of him or sympathy with his aims, and that is her main business in life, intellect being a masculine speciality. She has courage and vitality, which are called the two great virtues in woman—what need has she of the other virtues, intellectual or moral? "Ann is Everywoman, though every woman is not Ann," and Mr. Shaw would add he was not speaking of the whole of Ann's mind when he was generalising about her; but the upshot is that in so far as she is woman she must be judged by different standards, and that to bring her to book for duplicity, unscrupulousness, or cynical indifference to ideas and public spirit as though she were a man is absurd; for her business is to find the proper father of the children and capture him by hook or by crook. Now this is really the same as saying that "marriage is the true end of woman," that "love is an episode in the life of a man, but woman's whole existence," etc., etc.—in fact, all the old sayings against which women are now protesting.

I do not think Mr. Harwood intended to write a play in favour of the women's movement any more than Mr. Shaw intended to write one against it; from the first act I gathered that, in so far as he had an intention beyond telling a story, he meant to satirise it. But in effect *Interlopers* is on their side. Margaret Chisholm is a woman who is entirely absorbed in her children; her husband has ceased to be important to her; she never considers him; she is no companion to him; she does not share his life; he is merely a father of a family. The result is, when he reaches the age of 35, he starts wondering what he has got out of life, and, failing to persuade her to come off with him on a much-needed holiday, he goes off with another woman. Margaret is astounded and pained, but she does not divorce him. In Act III. there is a family consultation in which Jack, the husband, is asked to explain his extraordinary conduct and say he is sorry, when he will be taken back and forgiven. Instead, however, of showing repentance, apart from expressing his sorrow at having given Margaret pain, he bursts out in a tirade about his wrongs and "the unspeakable degradation of being the Father of the Family," using, in fact, the same arguments that women have used in revolt against being treated merely as housekeepers and mothers and nurses, instead of as companions and human beings; and off he goes declaring that he will stick to the woman who cares for him for his own sake. The person who sympathises with him most is Margaret's youngest sister, who is engaged to be married herself. She represents the young generation. To her Margaret's sacrifice of herself and her husband to the children seems a piece of folly which would naturally lead to such a state of things. What Jack wanted was a wife with less of the mother and more of the new woman in her. He is not happy with his mistress because their relations are furtive; he has a bad conscience, and she is too passionate to make him happy. Margaret, coming to his rooms, finds Iris there alone. Her first impulse is to go, but Iris persuades her to talk. This scene is remarkably good. Iris begins by asking her if she has no curiosity to know what the woman who has taken away her husband is like. "I should never rest till I had found out what it was in another woman which had attracted him." "Oh, I can see you're pretty," says Margaret. "It was not that. You're pretty too—but I *wanted* him more." Margaret confesses she had come with the intention of proposing to her husband that he should come back without giving up his mistress, because the children miss him so, and a scandal would be so bad for his career. Iris cannot understand such a point of view, but she has already made up her mind to cut the tie between herself and Jack instead of letting it wear thinner and thinner. Husband and wife meet and are reconciled. The moral remains that the new woman makes the best wife.

Desmond MacCarthy.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

EVERYTHING is known by someone; in the literary way, at all events. A Dublin correspondent, whose learning is equalled by his promptitude, has sent me the names of the authors of both the poems to which I referred last week. The one I quoted—which I had seen before, and which has good passages, although the last couplet of each stanza mars it—was written, it appears, by Tom Moore, alias Little. As it takes the form of a song-trio in his only dramatic work, *M.P., or the Blue-Stocking*, one may be excused for having forgotten where one had seen it. The version I gave varies considerably from that given in the current editions of Moore's works. The other poem is by Charles Swain, "the Manchester poet" (1803–1874), whose works are highly thought of in Manchester.

* * *

Some discussion seems to be proceeding as to Mr. Hewlett's action in using as characters in his new novel, *Bendish*, a thinly-disguised Shelley and a rather deteriorated Byron. There is no reason why poets, any more than bishops and Lords Privy Seal, should be immune from treatment by historical novelists; but it is more difficult in their case to carry conviction concerning their eminence. Assuming that a poet is to be your hero the easier thing is to take a real one, give him his real name, and attribute to him poems which he undoubtedly wrote, and to which any reader can refer. Mr. Hewlett has not given his characters the names of their originals presumably because he desired to take them through incidents of his own invention. He has consequently had to manufacture a series of titles to represent poems that Bendish and Poore are supposed to have written.

* * *

In some instances—as in the case of Bendish's *Wanderer*, which one can easily take as being *Childe Harold*—no difficulty is involved. In others, especially where Mr. Hewlett gives quotations which do not quite smack of the Byron-Shelley period, it is more difficult to swallow his allegations about the poems. But one of the "plots" that he gives is interesting. Poore writes a long poem, nicknamed *The Hodgiad*, around the English rural labourer:

> His hero is Hodge, the Englishman, and he tracks him from the Conquest up the ages, past the present and into the future. History sweeps by like a series of crimson dreams; Hodge is always in the foreground, bending to his field-work, on the down with his sheep, munching his bacon under the hedge while the withering north-easter screams through the thorns, and earth and air are a parched drab—all this while Norman squadrons and Plantagenet bowmen, Tudor and Stuart Cavaliers, Roundheads, Hanoverian levies, conscripts from his own stock march and counter-march across the scene. It is so far an Epic of Endurance, a dumb agony of lurid lights play about this earth-born Prometheus—Black Death, Civil War, Lollardy, Witch-burning; Chaucer sings and passes; Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare strut their hours. One Cromwell kills a god, another kills a king; Hodge remains bound to his glebe, eating bacon, working all day, sleeping like a log, loving his wife on Sunday afternoons, begetting and burying children. Masters drive him to the furrows, kings drive him into battle, priests bicker over his soul, the parish deals with his body. But he remains doggedly in touch with the eternal things.

There is here a fine subject for some sort of literary work. I rather doubt if an epic poem could be made of it. We talk of "epic" ideas rather loosely; this idea of Hodge's history is certainly moving and imposing, but for an epic poem some hero less vague than this great symbolical Hodge is wanted, and it is difficult to conceive of an epic poem of which the action was spread over a period of a thousand years and more. But surely in some form a successful Hodgiad could be managed; and if the thing were done properly it would be a useful corrective both to old romantic history and to modern "scientific" history. Perhaps Mr. Hewlett means to have a shot at it himself.

* * *

Incidentally I notice that a *Daily Chronicle* reviewer writing of this novel says, "One swells with pride to think that modern men can write so well." This piece of altruism and patriotism in time evokes a pleasing picture. Another nice sentence occurs in a *Fortnightly* article on Verhæren. He drives home "the stubborn nails of his nouns," says the gentleman, "with the hissing hammers of his adjectives." We live in stirring times.

* * *

But perhaps neither of these sentences has so completely satisfying an effect as "Fiction is but a section of man's life turned soul-side out." This exquisite fruit of ripe meditation occurs in a treatise on *Art in Short Story Narration* which I recently ran across. The book, the sub-title of which is

> A Searching Analysis of the Qualifications of Fiction in General, and of the Short Story in Particular, with Copious Examples, Making the Work
>
> A PRACTICAL TREATISE,

is by Henry Albert Phillips, and it is published in "The Authors' Hand-Book Series," by the Stanhope-Dodge Publishing Company, of Larchmont, New York. Mr. Phillips treats the writing of the short story with the same elephantine ruthlessness that Professor Brewster (in his *Home University Library* volume) displayed in dealing with the writing of English in general. All kinds of things—colour values, visualising, esthetics, taste, imagery, entertainment, development of interest, pathos, glamour, fantasy, morals, plot, and a hundred others—are carefully discussed and dissected for the learner's benefit. Mr. Phillips even classifies the affections in order that the aspirant may see at a glance which species of love suits his book best. He admits that man's love for woman is "the most popular love in the world." But

> Having discussed sexual love, we enter upon a limitless field of noble affection that extends all the way from love of children (parenthood) to love of country (patriotism) with a myriad of stations between. Above terrestrial love is the spiritual love or faith (religion) which is an inexhaustible realm in itself.

Finally, in order to show one how a story should be written, he gives us one from his own pen. After the first paragraph he seems to have had qualms about it, for he inserts an italic note explaining that "*This story was written with perhaps deliberate negligence.*" But he soon recovers his confidence, and the sentence, "This was not to be wondered at when it is known that Prince Achilgar was yet a *stranger to love*, the goddess of sacrifice," is followed by the note:

> *Here the motivating theme is suggested. It may be noted that the voluptuous atmosphere of the East has been similated even in the semi-archaic style and the constant employment of symbolism.*

A little later on the words, "But the smile had left him cold, and her kisses and caresses fell *like blossoms on frozen ground*" lead to:

> *The universal heart should feel a poignant response to the appeal here. A little embellishment has smoothed off the rough edges of grating tragedy.*

I will quote no more of it, but I suggest that the book is well worth buying.

SOLOMON EAGLE.

NEW NOVELS

Subsoil. By CHARLES MARRIOTT. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
Two Kisses. By OLIVER ONIONS. Methuen. 6s.

Mr. Charles Marriott's new novel, *Subsoil*, will be richly enjoyed by, besides being vastly useful as a text-book to, that large and increasing number of persons who like to chatter intelligently about art. Nine-tenths of the dialogue —and there is a deal of dialogue—consist almost entirely of chatter about art, and some of it is very intelligent, indeed, so intelligent that to call it chatter is to treat it with less respect than it deserves; much of it is sound and sane criticism and thoughtful and philosophic reflection. We first meet Hugh Sutherland at a promenade concert at the Queen's Hall—he had spent the afternoon at Hertford House. His thoughts at that concert are revealed to us, and they are thoughts mostly about art, the relations of art to life, and so on and so forth. When he leaves the Queen's Hall he goes on to a Bohemian club founded by himself and some fellow artists. There he meets a group of his friends, and they all proceed to discuss art, the relations of art and Philistia, and what not. He is engaged to a young woman of thirty, the only daughter of a wealthy commercial man, and the two talk almost incessantly about art. But there was a sufficient reason for their absorption in the subject, for it soon comes out that Sylvia held one view of it and that Sutherland held, or was just beginning to hold, another. Sylvia was on the conventional and conservative side; for her, art was for the elect, a refuge from life's urgencies and unpleasing realities. Sutherland had doubts, his artistic soul was yeasty. He thought that that, just that, was what was the matter with art: its divorce from life. So to think it all out quietly and if possible find out precisely where he was, he went off for a month or two to Cornwall. Here the story becomes really interesting; but interesting, even so, not as a story, not because of anything particular that happens, but because of the persons to whom Mr. Marriott introduces us down there, and because of the quite admirable and simple manner in which he delineates and presents them.

The chief of these persons was Loveday Rosewall, a woman of Sutherland's own age, thirty-five or so, rather unsatisfactorily married. He became deeply interested in her, but not from an artistic point of view, for Loveday recked nothing of art, its methods, or controversies. She was taking herself with immense seriousness as a mother just then. The chatter went on even in Cornwall. There was Lord Porthminster:

> The Italian Comedy, he said, was the perfect microcosm. Without it life was obscure and confused—a headache; translated into terms of the Comedy, the most complicated problems in public or private affairs became a dance of the elves. . . He had not yet applied it to the solar system, the congress of nations, or the physical economy of man, but that was only because the opportunities of the moment were so absorbing.
>
> Landscape also can be stated in the terms of the Comedy. When I take my walks abroad I see Columbine, Pantaloon, Harlequin among the trees—and ultimate Old Scratch lurking in the thunder-cloud or ambushed in the gale. That's what I miss in Trevenen. Magnificent fellows, profound fellows, and princes of hospitality. But their pictures! Very true, oh, very true. The light came so, and the grass was green, and the water wet, and there are milestones on the Dover road, and if the sky falls we shall catch larks. "But my dear sir," I say, "I like my cabbage *cooked*." Come and look at my Longhis.

Sutherland returned to London with his mind made up and the course of his artistic career finally changed. He was to end it now not as one of The Forty and a fashionable portrait-painter, but as director "of the artistic side of things" in a great technical institute in the Hampstead Garden Suburb. It was there the newly up-turned subsoil was to be found.

But it was not differences about art and art's mission that separated him from Sylvia, it was a very different matter. And it is here I think I detect a veiled attack of Mr. Marriott's upon the Eternal Feminine; or if not an attack exactly, at least a criticism which the apostles of Feminism will be strongly disposed to resent. He shows us an intellectual, clean-living man, a man with high ideals and with the courage to follow them, lead they him where they may. This man comes into intimate relations with two women, each of them not only morally excellent but of an intelligence well above the average of her sex. Either of these women might have married this pure-souled man. In point of fact he was affianced to one and later on proposed to the other. But both turned from him and turned towards another man who intellectually was nothing to speak of, of whose manner of life the less said the better, and who hadn't an ideal to his name. And yet these two women were so widely different the one from the other, different in taste, in temperament, in character, and in social condition. But on one matter, the Sort of Man, they were quite agreed.

Any amount of art is talked also in Mr. Oliver Onions's *Two Kisses*, which might more happily have been entitled "Two Girls." But the talk here is something less than chatter, it is merely irresponsible and uninstructed babblement. Those who desire to talk intelligently about art might well read Mr. Onions's story with a view to ascertaining exactly what of studio jargon to avoid. The persons in Mr. Marriott's book are painters, novelists, connoisseurs, and critics, the people here are for the most part Slade students, of whom and of whose little ways Mr. Onions's knowledge is intimate and comprehensive. They do talk about other subjects than art, though, about books, for example, and morals and movements, and Nietzsche and Strindberg and Forel—and the Golden Bough and Heredity, especially the physiological details of that science. They are extraordinarily conversant with chromosomes; chromosomes are always cropping up. The chief characters, indeed the only characters, are Amory Towers and Dorothy Lennard; for Cosimo Pratt is not a character, he is only the husk of a character. Amory Towers was a Slade student with views, ambitions, a certain small amount of artistic capacity, wonderful hair, "brook-brown eyes," and a neck like a bluebell stalk. Mr. Onions was wise in endowing her with these physical attractions and thus compelling us to realise that she was an extremely pretty girl, for in no other way could he possibly have interested us in her. But one knows that something, something crucial, something pathetic, or something catastrophic may at any moment happen to an extremely pretty girl who is more or less at a loose end in London; and so one reads on, hoping that presently something will happen to Amory. An emotional crisis, one feels, surely must occur sooner or later in the career of a young woman of whom the first thing one is told is that at the age of seventeen in the *Salon Carré* of the Louvre she, when she thought no one was looking, "crushed her lips against the Antinous's marble cheek." I don't seem to remember that she kissed anyone else, though why Cosimo Pratt, considering the many opportunities he had, did not kiss her passes my understanding. Dorothy, on the other hand, kissed and was kissed by a very ordinary young man in the intervals of business, and in the act of eating a ham sandwich. Amory witnessed that kiss and was deeply shocked by it. There followed a scene between her and Dorothy, quite the best scene in the book. So good is it that one is inclined to believe that Mr. Onions must have been present behind the arras when a similar scene between two similar young women was enacted. There is a fine and convincing atmosphere of felinity about it. Amory posed as the woman of the future, Dorothy stood as

the woman of all time, but both scratched, and scratched, and scratched.

"You mean you don't let him kiss you?" sprang from Dorothy's lips. Amory thought it crude—revolting. . . Then for the second time Dorothy boiled up and over.

"Well, it seems to me you might just as well!" she cried. "Better, I should say—it seems to me you do everything else! I think I've given up trying to understand you clever people; you're beyond me entirely. I *like* being a man's plaything—*there!* I don't mind one little bit being a chattel—*there!* And I think it would be perfectly ripping being property, as long as you belonged to the right person! And I *do* believe in one law for the man and another for the woman. They *are* different—they *are*, Amory. They're *ever* so different! And I'm glad!"

As a study of the very small and insignificant corner of life of which it is a study *Two Kisses* will do well enough. "T'will serve!" But one cannot help feeling that Mr. Onions, with his extensive and intensive knowledge of so many other things, might easily have found something better worth studying—something that mattered rather more.

HUBERT BLAND.

OLD CHELSEA

The Survey of London. Vol. 4. Parish of Chelsea. Part 2. L.C.C. One guinea net.

The new volume of the Survey of London, published by the London County Council, under the general editorship of Sir Laurence Gomme and Mr. Philip Norman, is the second of the series which has been devoted to Chelsea, embracing that part of the parish lying to the west of Cheyne Row. As a careful and minute record of every bit of old architecture (and its artistic accessories) remaining within these limits it is a most valuable achievement, and the addition of over a hundred fine illustrations extends its appeal far beyond the circle of antiquaries and topographers.

After all, the real story of Chelsea is not woven out of antiquities. It began with the revival of learning, and it is not nearly ended yet. Raised by Sir Thomas More from out of the homely circle of parochial dulness, Chelsea next enjoyed the protection of King Henry VIII., and thenceforth was courted by distinguished men in every succeeding generation. The most illustrious of the houses of Paulet, Cecil, Villiers, Beaufort, and Cadogan have contended in their time for her favour, and the names of Newton, Sloane, and Carlyle are not so reverend as to have escaped being talked about in connection with hers. Holbein and Wren have contributed to her adornment, Turner and Whistler to her fame.

It is true that from her earliest youth she showed signs of precocity and some promise of her future conquests in the domain of art and literature. The Romans are said to have singled her out, as a child, from the rest of the class, when they crossed the Thames, and she may have gazed with wondering eyes at Cæsar and Cassevelaunus. Seven or eight centuries later she was honoured above her fellows in connection with a synod of the Holy Church, and became acquainted with Offa, King of Mercia, and the Papal Legates. But, notwithstanding these early distractions, her regular education was never neglected, and she passed through the accustomed stages of Domesday Book, Patent and Close Rolls, and Parish Registers with sufficient thoroughness to satisfy the most exacting examiner of the brickdust of historical research.

It was from Sir Thomas More that she received the finest touches of her classical education, in company with Margaret Roper, and learned to converse on equal terms with Grocyn, Colet, and Fisher, and to correspond with Erasmus and Melanchthon. It was the sweet atmosphere of that "Plato's Academy" that formed her character rather than the rattling bustle of Henry's Court; and though she was equal to entertaining Elizabeth with the help of Burleigh and Effingham, and the Stuarts when Buckingham and Beaufort were within her gates, she had always a preference for the Muses. Sackville stayed with her in his old age, and she is mentioned with affection by Bacon, Herrick, Walton, and Pepys. In later times Shadwell, Steele, Swift, and Smollett availed themselves freely of her hospitality; and more recently still Leigh Hunt, George Eliot, and Rossetti and his quaint brotherhood.

A survey of the actual sites and monuments associated with this concourse of pleasurable recollections is therefore much more than informative. It is, and it cannot help being, sentimental. An ordnance map to a hermit or a poet is a dull enough document: to the motorist it is a live friend that supplies him with information which he is feverishly anxious to obtain. A survey of Nineveh would be more widely in demand if many of us in these present days could trace descent from the Ninevites or were even distantly acquainted with their habits or their literature. But Chelsea is so fascinating. She has something to say to us all; and in the four centuries of her extraordinary development from riverside hamlet to metropolitan borough we feel that she has touched one or other of our heartstrings as none but the fewest of the world's sanctuaries have done. In the environs of London she has no rival that can compete with her continuing charms. The glories of Greenwich or Hampton Court, though possibly more dazzling, are only meteoric. The histories of her neighbours Fulham and Kensington are pompous and prosaic, while that of Pimlico will hardly bear looking into.

It was the western portion of the parish, dealt with in the present volume of the survey, which contributed most largely to the earlier part of the story of Chelsea, inasmuch as it contained the Old Church and the lane leading down to it from the Fulham Road—then the only approach to the village by land—as well as the farm which was selected by Thomas More as the site of his new house. The old farmhouse was rebuilt in the seventeenth century and still exists as Lindsey House, though now divided into several parts and known to the postman only as Nos. 95 to 100, Cheyne Walk. More's new house was acquired after his death by the first Marquis of Winchester, and its subsequent owners included Lord Dacre, Lord Buckhurst, Lord Burleigh, his son the first Marquis of Salisbury—Mr. Secretary Cecil—the two Dukes of Buckingham, the first Duke of Beaufort, and lastly Sir Hans Sloane, who ruthlessly demolished it. And beside the great house and the farm there grew up in the early part of the seventeenth century other lesser houses around it almost equally fascinating in their history. Danvers House—demolished in 1696 to make way for Danvers Street—was built by Sir John Danvers after he had married the mother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and at her death Izaak Walton came to hear Dr. Donne preach her funeral sermon in the old church. After the Restoration it was occupied by John Robarts, Earl of Radnor, where his beautiful wife entertained Charles II. and his Court at more than one "sumptuous treat," in which Pepys participated. Here, too, lived for a time Thomas, first Marquis of Wharton, the author of *Lilliburlero*, and put his famous horses out to grass in "The Park"—till recently known as "The Vale."

Gorges House, long since destroyed, was another offshoot of the Great House, built by Sir Arthur Gorges, soldier, courtier, and poet, who was with Essex on the Islands voyage, and translated *Lucan*. What an impossible conbination in any but Elizabethan days! Here were per-

formed Purcell's *Dido and Æneas*, and at least one of Tom D'Urfey's comedies, when Time had transformed the house into a young ladies' school. Another of the smaller houses was Church Place, supposed to have been occupied, if not built, by the Parliamentarian Essex, and celebrated in Kingsley's novel, *The Hillyars and the Burtons*, when the author's father was Rector of Chelsea. Danvers Street, too, helped to carry on the Chelsea tradition, in spite of the destruction of the old house. At the corner, now a baker's shop, Don Saltero's coffee-house flourished, before it was moved to Cheyne Walk, and it was here that Steele wrote his account of it for the *Spectator*. Farther up the street lived Atterbury, and over against him for six glorious weeks lodged Jonathan Swift, writing daily to Stella of things in general and the ways of Chelsea in particular.

Of Lindsey House there is less to relate that is of a romantic nature, but one never knows what may come to light hereafter. The principal owners or occupants were Sir Edward Cecil (Viscount Wimbledon), the Earl of Lindsay, Sir Theodore Mayerne, physician to Charles I., Count Zinzendorf, who founded a Moravian settlement there which still exists, and in later times Isambard Brunel and James McNeill Whistler.

One omission we are sorry to note in this volume of the survey—namely, the mention of the famous garden called after Lord Cremorne, which inspired Whistler with some of his most delicate fancies, besides contributing a great deal to the gaiety of past and even present generations. This is no fault of the editor, for Time has swept away the lodge and replaced the garden with modern streets. Only the iron gates of the "garden" remain, being utilised by the Welch Ale Brewery, whose premises occupy a portion of the old site. Prudery has given a very bad name to old Cremorne, but it is doubtful whether it was ever as bad as people made out, and as Mr. Simpson, the proprietor in its palmiest days, was a regular attendant at the old church, it cannot have been quite so infamous as is generally supposed. The Tango was then unknown, and though noblemen may have sported among the fallen rockets with more fervour than discretion, there were redeeming features like the burning of Chicago, the Flying Man, or the Captive Balloon from Paris, which gave the place a more serious interest.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

Anthony Trollope: His Work, Associates and Literary Originals. By T. H. S. ESCOTT. John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

The revival of interest in Anthony Trollope's novels is a swing of the pendulum that might well have been foretold. For not only is there some reaction against the English philosophical novelists which makes the reading of Trollope's novels a welcome change, but these novels of his have in themselves admirable qualities of realism, drama, and character-drawing. Trollope had little profundity and he wrote in the slipshod manner which characterises most of the Victorians, but he had a natural aptitude for telling an interesting story. His range was circumscribed, but within it he showed great acuteness and even force. His novels essentially are not literary, but instead of smelling of the study, as, for instance, George Eliot's novels do, they are obviously the productions of a man of the world. Trollope was neither a stylist nor a philosopher—he was merely an observer. And it is as an observer that he must be judged.

Mr. Escott's study of him is a diffuse and not very illuminating work. He knew Trollope personally, and the novelist gave him some information about himself which may be called the kernel to this somewhat swollen biography. Not that it is a very long book so much as a very inconsequential one. One feels that Mr. Escott's real *métier* would be a history of London society rather than a history of any one member of it. The number of people, famous and obscure, that flash across these pages is bewildering. Poor Trollope is at times quite lost sight of in this dazzling array. But one must not be too hard on Mr. Escott, who has, after all, given us a decidedly entertaining book. For Trollope's life was a very full one. Not only was he well known in Ireland, London, and the Eastern Counties, but he travelled all over the world for the Post Office. He had a host of friends in all sorts of literary, hunting and social circles. His energy was prodigious, and he wrote from 1847 to his death in 1882 between sixty and seventy books. This would have been a tremendous feat for anyone, but it was only one side of his activities. His work at the Post Office was highly responsible, and, besides all this, he managed to hunt several days a week in the season. There is no doubt he knew how to live.

The best known of Trollope's novels are, doubtless, the six books of the Barsetshire series, and it is in them that he found his proper medium. The clerical and county society circling round a cathedral town gave him the very material which he understood best. Trollope was a Tory of the old school and he was thoroughly at home in the parsonage and the squire's house. It is this class of society that he drew with so much fidelity, sympathy and insight. He was a High Churchman, and his pictures of the Low Church party are savage and relentless. Trollope liked lords, apparently, but he was not a snob. For though full of impulse, he had few delusions as to life. His attempts at irony are often ponderous, but he had a genuine sense of humour.

Twenty-four pages of this book consist of a bibliography of first editions of Trollope by Miss Margaret Lavington. This is a section that should prove valuable to collectors (if there are collectors of Trollope) and one that is full of curious information for the general reader. For under many of the entries there has been placed the sum of money Trollope got for his works. In all, he estimated that his books had brought him in over £70,000—a very large amount. If there had been American copyright then it might well have been doubled. A particularly full index gives this study of Trollope's life an added usefulness.

ECONOMICS AND ETHICS

Economics as the Basis of Living Ethics. By JOHN G. MURDOCH. Constable. 8s. 6d. net.

The author of this book, which is described as "a study in scientific social philosophy," is a Professor of the English Language in the United States. It is difficult to believe it. The book has its excellencies, and the author has something to say. But it could have all been said in less than half the number of pages, and said better. There is a series of passages in which Professor Murdoch attacks Professor J. B. Clark with something approaching ferocity, quoting heavily for the purpose. Professor Clark's most distinguished feature is not lightness of touch, and our author expends enormous energy in producing an effect of liveliness. The result is a long, long chapter which irresistibly suggests a steam-roller trying to two-step. The main thesis of the book, contained in the title, is one that is to-day finding extraordinary favour in the States. Only the other day Professor Beard published his brilliant *Economic Interpretation of the United States Constitution*, with a bibliography which showed how very widely the idea of economic determinism had spread. Professor Murdoch first states his thesis at some length, and then he makes the attack on

Clark to which we have already referred. We rejoice with him in his victory—for we regard it as such—though we cannot but wish that his tramplings had been less elephantine. It is now more than ten years since Professor Clark published his *Theory of Value*, which translated common platitudes into voluminous, and all but incomprehensible, apologetics. Professor Clark, when at a loss for an explanation, clutches at ethics, and his ethics are based on the assumptions that this is the best of all possible worlds, and that it is sacrilegious, or very nearly so, to attempt any changes.

Having acquitted himself well here, Professor Murdoch appears to us to wander rather off the track of his own argument. There is a chapter on the Austrian-Yale theory of Interest, which presents in great detail the views of Professors Boehm-Bawerk and Irving Fisher. Without stopping to question the validity of Professor Fisher's refinements, we should merely point out that the conception of interest popularised by the Austrian school scarcely can be held to represent modern ethics in any sense, any more than modern legislation can be held to be a mirror of "marginal utility" doctrines. Professor Murdoch gives a brief, but excellent, résumé of the various historical and modern conceptions of interest, but he takes it for granted that to-day ethics are a consideration in fixing the rate. He then passes on to Economics in Kant's *Ethics* in a chapter with the most extraordinary peroration we have ever read. Kant receives short shrift because his "Schematism of Pure Reason" ignores psychological values. But into this tempting imbroglio we shall not follow the author. Then finally he re-states his thesis to the effect that economic determinism is ultimately at the basis of our ethics; which doctrine he acceptably qualifies. What would he have us do? "For the nine-tenths of humanity the only helpful creed is social solidarity." Unfortunately he does not say this until he is so near the end of his book that his words may have only the value of a piece of rhetoric. Other things he says sound suspiciously like "Hitch your wagon to a star" in different words. If the gist of the whole book were boiled down by a skilful writer into the length of a magazine article, it would be found to be both original and stimulating. In its present form it is particularly impenetrable. Some of it was delivered as lectures at the "People's Forums" of Troy and Schenectady; we marvel at the fortitude of the audiences.

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How admirable, on the whole, has been the planning of Everyman's Library is always attested by the eagerness with which one looks through the titles of each new list of books comprised in it. The latest batch is more disappointing than most from the general reader's point of view. Some of the books—such as Hahnemann's *Organon*, the bible of homeopathy—have a very sectional appeal, though their publication is a matter for compliment; but others are not even very good of their kind. On what grounds, for example, were Neale's *Fall of Constantinople* and Mme.

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In the "Christian Commonwealth" of Wednesday (Oct. 1) begins a series of articles setting forth the causes and consequences of the Great Unrest Among Modern Women. Each article will deal with a special phase of the question, supported by facts and figures, and the authority of experts. The inquiry raises a number of important questions bearing upon industrial life, home life, religion, education, and the professions; the physique of the nation, the physical and mental nature of women, and the production and care of children; the future of womanhood, and the protection they need by means of the vote, legislation, and an enlightened public conscience. As it touches modern life at all points, the inquiry will have great interest for all men and women.

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EVERY ISSUE CONTAINS

A Political Review of the Week
(Contributed exclusively to the CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH)
By PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

THE WORLD OF LABOUR

SERMON by Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.

IN ADDITION, THIS WEEK'S ISSUE (OCT. 1st) CONTAINS:

THE POSITION of the LABOUR PARTY:
A REPLY TO PHILIP SNOWDEN
By FRED HENDERSON
(Mr. SNOWDEN'S REJOINDER WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK)

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Calderon de la Barca's *Life in Mexico* included? It is true that both Turkey and Mexico are topical subjects just now; but Neale's book, though learned, is a laborious effort at historical fiction that will never be galvanised into new life, and Mme. Calderon de la Barca's letters describing Mexico in early Victorian days are very long, and amusing only at rare intervals. By no possible means could either of these works be hoisted into the position of "classics." Balzac's *Lost Illusions*, Rousseau's *Social Contract* (which has a really stimulating introduction by Mr. G. D. H. Cole), and the reprints of Ibsen and Dostoieffsky are welcome in this cheap and handy form. The bibliography appended to the Dostoieffsky volume mentions the Vizetelly translations of the 'eighties (which few people now remember), but omits to record the recent versions by Mrs. Garnett, which have really made the great Russian novelist's name in England. Another faulty bibliography is that in the Gladstone volume, which alleges the date of Lord Morley's *Life* to have been 1893! We are puzzled, also, to know on what grounds we are presented in this volume with a bibliography of Mr. G. W. E. Russell's works on all subjects. The anthologies of fables and essays are both very well done. The latter collection ranges from William Caxton to Hilaire Belloc. The only selections which might be improved upon are those from living writers in the form. The present generation has seen a real revival of the short essay, but some of the specimens given do not indicate the fact. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton might both have been more fully represented. The *Atlas of Africa and Australia*, with Mr. Bartholomew's excellent little maps, will be as useful as its predecessors in the same series have been.

SHORTER NOTICES

Fabre, Poet of Science. By DR. C. V. LEGROS. Translated by Bernard Miall. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

With only an occasional slip, such as the use of "geometer" instead of "geometrician," Mr. Bernard Miall has made a more than readable translation of a delightful book. Dr. Legros's three hundred pages present a biography of the Provençal entomologist, combined with a criticism and vivacious outline of his work. Personal intercourse with Fabre and a free use of his writings and correspondence could not but produce an uncommon book; a picturesque style, reminding us of Fabre's own, and harmonising well with the innumerable extracts, gives it a certain lucid perfection and a superiority over any of the other single volumes by which the naturalist is represented in English. It has the sanction of Fabre himself. The total effect of the portrait of a pleasant, shrewd, inexhaustibly industrious, yet poetic man, reminds us of Virgil's gardener, yet it is everywhere faithfully documented, from Fabre's birth in 1823 to the years of his luminous twilight now concluding at Sérignan. Fabre is a Darwin who has been content with a Selborne. He has spent ninety years among insects "more real than living man," and it is surprising that when he was introduced to the Emperor of the French he should have been bored as he watched "the chamberlains with short breeches and silver-buckled shoes, great scarabæi, clad with *café au lait* wing-cases, moving with a formal gait." It must have been boring to this solitary, in spite of all his years as underpaid professor and writer of text books. For he is "a true saint of science," with "the eyes of a prophet and a seer," first among the counsellors of Oberon and Titania. He does a thousand times what Maeterlinck, in *The Life of the Bee*, and elsewhere, has done a few dozen times, equalling precision with felicity in giving complete life to the infinitely little. He has treated the worm even better than if he had "loved him." From such a man long views are not to be expected, nor is it fair to compare him with those that take them, or to draw attention to the fact that he so frequently does not content himself with saying that he "does not know," but affixes the labels, "fortuitous" and "blind," to Nature. His handwriting might have been "traced by the feet of a fly." Why compare him with eagles, who could not see the mysterious nymph of the *Scarabæus sacer*, first of all "a mummy of translucent amber, maintained by its linen cerements in a hieratic pose; but soon upon this background of topaz, the head, the legs, and the thorax change to a sombre red, while the rest of the body remains white, and the nymph is slowly transfigured, assuming that majestic costume which combines the red of the cardinal's mantle with the whiteness of the sacerdotal alb"? It is equally absurd to ask if he is an artist, when he gives vitality to jewel work compared with which *The Picture of Dorian Gray* is but sea-shells and plush.

A Plea for the Younger Generation. By COSMO HAMILTON. Chatto & Windus. 1913. 2s. 6d. net.

Advocates of that great reconstruction of which the instruction of children in the hygiene of sex is a most important feature may well pray to be saved from their latest "friend." Mr. Hamilton has realised that the present state of things is profoundly unsatisfactory, and for this gleam of light in the verbose obscurity of his "appeal" we must be thankful. But the number of the facts he has not grasped is legion: the chapter on the enlightenment of girls is deplorably superficial. He ignores those of his fellow-citizens—after all the majority, even though they may be "the wrong class"! (page 60)—who cannot contemplate sending their sons to the public schools or to Oxford. Throughout the pamphlet is tainted with snobbery and reactionary dogmatism. Mr. Hamilton should return to the sentimental melodrama, the "genial, cheery, simple-minded, manly fellow of sporting proclivities," and the female doll to match.

Memoirs of the Court of England. By MARIE CATHERINE BARONNE D'AULNOY. Translated by Mrs. W. H. ARTHUR. John Lane. 16s. net.

It is curious that this volume of memoirs of the Court of Charles II. should have been so entirely forgotten while those of De Grammont are only too well known. For two very good reasons they have much greater claim on the attention of modern readers; first, because they relate to the year 1675—fifteen years after the Restoration, by which time the new régime had "settled down," whereas De Grammont tells us of much earlier times; secondly, because, though romantic enough, Madame D'Aulnoy never offends against propriety, and the gallantries of Monmouth and Buckingham are touched upon lightly enough to admit them into the category of flirtations. Harmless flirtations they can hardly be called; but the delicacy and skill of the authoress has woven them into such a charming texture that it would be affectation to be offended with them. Another thing is that Madame D'Aulnoy was evidently very much *au fait* with her subject. Without crediting her with historical accuracy it is impossible not to feel that almost every little incident she relates was founded on actuality; while from the mouths of Charles, Monmouth, Buckingham, and one or two others, she gives us utterances which we cannot believe are invented. Her characters are simply alive, and it would be interesting to see how they appeared on the stage if the story could be fitted for dramatic representation.

The present translation is not altogether above criticism, both in its general scheme and in particular instances. It is too literal for a subject of this sort, and accordingly a great deal of the spirit evaporates. The very title is an example of this, for *Memoires de la Cour d'Angleterre* is not adequately translated for modern English readers by "Memoirs of the Court of England." Nor is "well made" exactly what we understand by *bien fait*, as applied to a man. As an amusing slip we cannot help mentioning the portrait of the Duchess *toute de sa grandeur* given as "in all her grandeur"! But Mrs. Arthur has certainly done a great service in rescuing this charming and valuable book from oblivion, and we can heartily recommend the perusal of it to others besides students of history.

William of Germany. By STANLEY SHAW. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

This peculiar book shows an unusual lack of the sense of perspective. When the author is not too diffuse he is too compressed. For example, he introduces a fairly long description of students' duels at German universities, apparently on the grounds that the Kaiser never took part in one. It is difficult, it must be admitted, to write a book that shall at once present a quarter-century of modern history, and at the same time take account of William's favourite drinks. He has already been the subject of several biographies of all sorts (not to mention certain references in the Hohenlohe Memoirs), and Dr. Shaw draws on these pretty freely. He entirely misunderstands German Social democracy, and is always inclined to perorate. Apart from all this, the author presents a very vivid picture of the Kaiser, who is easily the most exuberant figure in international politics to-day, and gives his more characteristic effervescences ample attention—the bust that was not by Leonardo da Vinci, the Kaiser telegram, and all those other little things that have added to the gaiety of nations or called for the serious attention of the Harmsworth press. Considered as light gossip rather than as serious history, the book is entirely pleasant and inoffensive.

A Religion of this World: Being a Selection of Positivist Addresses. By PHILIP THOMAS. Watts & Co. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Philip Thomas was, a few years ago, one of the shining lights of the Ethical Movement. He is now "Minister of the Church of Humanity, Chapel Street, Holborn, London," and this book consists of some of the addresses he has delivered in that capacity. We would not be intolerant, but we fear that all these references to a vague female deity, named Humanity, leave us rather cold. Philanthropy is possible without anthropolatry.

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THE CITY

THERE is no very decided tendency perceptible in the investment markets. The attempt in the United States to induce a sustained rise in the quotations of American Stocks seems to have spent itself; in any case I have no faith in this movement, for it does not appear justified by fundamental conditions, the crops being much poorer than last year. The general position is not at all bad, for although trade appears to be slackening off, this is taking place very gradually, and some of our best oversea customers, notably India and Egypt, look like having a period of exceptional prosperity, for not only have they good crops, but prices for their chief products are much higher than a year ago. This means increased purchasing power and larger imports from this country, which should tend to atone for decreased business on this side. What the Stock Exchange desires is a burst of speculative activity, and it is impossible at the moment to say in what direction, if any, this will break out. That this is the right time for genuine investment purchases can hardly be doubted.

* * *

There are few things more profitable than a Railway in a newly-developed country once it has thoroughly established itself. Every Ordinary share is from its nature more or less speculative, the rate of dividend it receives being necessarily dependent upon the amount of profits earned, but as, in the ordinary course of events, in a progressive country the receipts per mile should increase, the Ordinary stocks of such Railways as are here referred to are among the best semi-speculative investments obtainable. An example of this is afforded by the United Railways of Havana, which has just declared a dividend of 5 per cent. upon its Ordinary stock. This Company is an amalgamation of railway, warehouse and land undertakings in Cuba, and it has about 800 miles of track. The weak point of the Company has always been that it is so largely dependent upon one crop, viz., sugar. If there is a good sugar crop in Cuba the Company prospers; if a bad hurricane plays havoc with the plantations there is a tremendous falling off in the traffics. This is reflected by the history of the dividend on the Ordinary stock, which in 1907 was 5 per cent., in 1908 nil, 1909 2 per cent., 1910 4 per cent., 1911 4 per cent., and 1912 4½ per cent. Obviously, such a Company needs to pursue a most cautious policy, distributing only a portion of its profits, and building up reserve funds to meet bad years. This the United Railways of Havana has certainly done during the last few years, for while in 1910–11 it distributed as dividend £190,400 out of £230,500 available, in 1911–12 it distributed only £263,700 out of £403,800, and this year the dividend of 5 per cent. absorbs only £291,800 out of £505,000 available. In other words, last year's profits were equal to over 9 per cent. on the Ordinary capital, but only 5 per cent. was distributed. Meantime, the Company is doing all it can to develop a more varied traffic, and the territory served by it is steadily growing more prosperous. On its present price of 90, which includes the full year's dividend of 5 per cent., and is therefore equal to 85, this Ordinary stock yields as much as 5¼ per cent., and

in view of the accumulated reserves and the prospects of the Company, it appears to be a most promising investment for those people who understand that, while prospects point to increased dividends, in a bad year they may see a temporary reduction.

* * *

A recent issue of the Financial Supplement of the *Times* contains a summary of the results of nineteen of the great Iron and Steel companies during the twelve months ended June 30th last, which forms interesting reading. The profits of these nineteen companies during that period (which exclude sums brought forward from the previous year's accounts) amounted to £3,162,432, as compared with £1,617,642 during the previous twelve months. Could anything show more vividly the fluctuating nature of this great industry? It is pointed out that the Coal Mines Act of 1911, the National Insurance Act and the Coal Mines Minimum Wage Act have added largely to the cost of production, and that this will be felt in lean years; which is quite true, but a properly administered company, particularly in an industry fluctuating like this, should build up reserves which will enable it to withstand such burdens. It is evident that the profits of the industry fully permit of it. The lowest dividend in the list is that of the Workington Iron and Steel Company, which is 6 per cent., and the highest is that of Insoles Limited, which, including the bonus, amounted to 70 per cent.; the dividends of most of the companies range between 10 and 37½ per cent. The future of the industry is obscure; indications point rather to a falling off in trade, but the opening of the Panama Canal and the reduction of the United States tariff may induce fresh activity in this branch.

EMIL DAVIES.

FINANCIAL ITEMS

Uruguay Railways.—After providing for the interest on Debenture stocks and the interim dividend paid in April last, the Central Uruguay Northern Extension Railway Co., Ltd., will pay a balance dividend of 5s. 3d. per share, less Income Tax, on the Share Capital of the Company, making, with the interim dividend, a total for the year of 4¾ per cent., less Income Tax; the Central Uruguay Co. will pay a total dividend for the year of 6½ per cent., less Income Tax; and the Central Uruguay Eastern Extension Railway, Ltd., will pay a dividend of 4¾ per cent., less Income Tax, for the whole year.

Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway Co., Ltd.—After providing for the interest on the Debenture and Preference stocks, 4 per cent. Extension shares, 1914 (1911 Issue), and all other charges during the year, there remains an available balance on net revenue of £1,358,743 16s. 7d., out of which the Board propose to pay a balance dividend of 4 per cent. (less Income Tax) on the Ordinary stock of the Company, absorbing £885,166 13s. 4d. making, with the interim dividend paid in April last, 7 per cent. for the whole year ended June 30th, 1913, carrying forward a balance of £473,577 3s. 3d.

Buenos Ayres Western Railway, Ltd.—After providing for the interest on the Government 5 per cent. Loan of 1888, and on the Company's 4 per cent. Debenture stock, 5 per cent. and 4½ per cent. Preference shares, 4 per cent. Extension shares, 1913 and 1915, and all other charges during the year, there remains an available balance of £567,599 17s. 9d. on net revenue account, out of which the Board propose to pay on the Ordinary stock a balance dividend of 4 per cent. (less Income Tax), which will absorb £442,495 3s. 10d., carrying forward a balance of £125,104 13s. 11d.

Piccadilly Hotel, Ltd.—In the twelve months ended July 31st, 1913, gross receipts were £246,176, while working costs (including the provision of £20,000 for repairs, renewals, and maintenance) amounted to £188,814. After meeting interest on debentures, etc., profit and loss account shows a net profit for the year of £33,278, to which has to be added £2,869, brought in from the previous year. The directors have written off £5,000 preliminary expenses, and £29,000 has been distributed as dividend on the Ordinary capital. The directors report that the gross receipts of the hotel from August 1st to date show a satisfactory increase over the corresponding period of last year.

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I. **Tuesday, October 28th, at 8.30 p.m. Chairman: MR. BERNARD SHAW. Lecturer: MR. SIDNEY WEBB.**

ECONOMICS. Socialism means "the Wealth of Nations," in the strictest sense; that is, an intelligent application of our productive powers to the maintenance of life of the whole people—at present our productive powers are quite otherwise applied, with disastrous results—Successive revisions of Socialist Theory—The Right to the Full Produce of Labour ("The Self-Governing Workshop")—The Marxian Exposition of Surplus Value, and its dynamic effect—How far did this ignore the desires of the Consumer?—Practical Applications of Collectivism in State and Municipal Ownership—How far does this (and with it the Co-operative Movement) ignore the needs and impair the freedom of the Producer?—The validity in Syndicalism and its exaggerations—The Policy of the National Minimum—The Appropriation of the Surplus (or "Rent") to common purposes—The intelligent application of the nation's production to the nation's needs demands a "Balance of Interests"—The necessary Co-partnership between the People organised as Producers and the People organised as Citizens and Consumers.

II. **Tuesday, November 4th, at 8.30 p.m. Chairman: DR. FRANK, Member of the Social Democratic Party in the German Reichstag. Lecturer: MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.**

EQUALITY. Socialism means all the Equality that is Practicable—Disastrous results of Inequality—The consciousness of equality essential to the willing co-operation of Free Men—Equality does not imply indentity or uniformity—Differences in consumption of infant, child, nursing mother, invalid, various kinds of producers and professionals—Methods of equalisation—Equality of money incomes ("The most important part of individual freedom is the control of production given by individual purchasing power"—Bernard Shaw)—Rival method of Communism ("To each according to his needs")—An intermediate method: individual choice among commodities and services deliberately priced above or below cost—Practical experience of each of the three methods—Special allowances for special functions—How far are we to be guided by (I) personal tastes, (II) scientifically ascertained requirements for the fulfilment of function—Probable combination of all methods in obtaining the consciousness of equality that is an essential of good manners.

III. **Tuesday, November 11th, at 8.30 p.m. Chairman: MONS. JAURÈS, Leader of the Socialist Parliamentary Party of France. Lecturer: MR. SIDNEY WEBB.**

POLITICS. Socialism means Democracy: that is, the diffusion among the whole people of Participation in Power and Consciousness of Consent—The world's experience of Political Democracy—Socialism extends it from merely Police Government to the Control of Industry—How are we to secure the "Balance of Interests"?—Organisation by Associations of Consumers (State and Municipal Ownership, and the Co-operative Store and Wholesale)—Organisation by Producers in Vocational Associations (Trade Unionism)—Adjustment of Conditions by negotiation between these two organisations of the same people—Relation of Central and Local Government—The Problem of areas and how we may solve it—Spheres of Compulsory and Voluntary Co-operation—Evils of Bureaucracy and how we may avoid them—Control of Officials by Elected Representatives—Control of Representatives by Citizens—How are we to combine Knowledge and Popular Control, the fulfilment of the Consumer's Desires and Freedom for the Producer—The Probable Outline (according to the wisdom of to-day) of the State of To-morrow.

IV. **Tuesday, November 18th, at 8.30 p.m. Chairman: MR. GRANVILLE BARKER. Lecturer: MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.**

WOMAN. Socialism means the Emancipation of Women, economic, social, and political—Present State of "Arrested Development"—Result of making Woman's livelihood dependent on particular personal relationship—Eastern Zenana and the Western Household—The mercenary marriage, disorderly idleness of the female "jeunesse dorée," disparagement of motherhood, decline in the birthrate, dark shadow of "social evil"—The million "surplus women" in United Kingdom—Increase of independent woman wage earners—Rapid development of independent women brainworkers—Transformation of modern government from police to national housekeeping compels enlistment of women in public service—Need for women as electors, officials, representatives, legislators, commissioners, jury members and judges—Socialist view of relative social values of child-rearing mother and gun-carrying soldier—How can we secure to the woman the economic independence that we demand for the workman—In the Socialist State Marriage will include an equal partnership in social service.

V. **Tuesday, November 25th, at 8.30 p.m. Chairman: MONS. EMILE VANDERVELDE, Leader of the Belgian Socialist Party. Lecturer: MR. SIDNEY WEBB.**

EMPIRE. Socialism means an organised Internationalism, rooted in Autonomous Nationalities; with a Collective Guardianship of the Non-Adult Races—Our real community of interest with other peoples vastly transcends the points of difference—The "Great Illusion" of Aggression—The development of International Conventions, Arbitration, and Police—The "United States of the World"—Socialism is also the stubborn upholder of Nationalism and of national defence against aggression—Local Autonomy as the basis of Freedom—But "particularism" fetters self-development—The Socialist conception of Empire is not domination but a Democratic federal hierarchy, based on Local Self-Government—The Eight Great Powers of the World—Their responsibility for the whole earth—The need for a Collective Guardianship of the Non-Adult Races—The Socialist View of the British Empire—There is an "Imperialism" which is a national duty, to be discharged with integrity—The fundamental axioms of Colonial Policy—The Socialist Policy with regard to India.

VI. **Tuesday, December 2nd, at 8.30 p.m. Chairman: REV. R. J. CAMPBELL. Lecturer: MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.**

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. Socialism means application of the scientific method to industrial and political organisation—Philosopher's objection: events cannot be foreseen with sufficient precision to permit social science—Objection of revolutionary: popular upheavals without science will lead to social reconstruction—Use of scientific method implied in all human co-operation—Limits to prevision; advent of genius: unforeseeable facts of physical universe—Scientific method does not provide Ideal or Purpose, but only process by which the Ideal may be achieved—In asking for a Purpose of Life, face to face with admitted "bankruptcy of science."

Socialism implies choice of Ideal for the Life of Humanity—Socialist selects as spring of action Motive of Social Service (or Love)—The Socialist Ideal is rooted in mysticism—Alienation of Continental Socialism from Religion—Experience shows that the Motive of Love is strengthened and extended by contemplation, meditation, and prayer, which is religion—The Church of the People in the Socialist State.

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